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he's just launched another ship

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thing of great power, beauty, and usefulness. A celebration is certainly in order!



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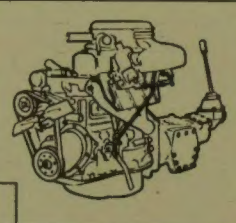
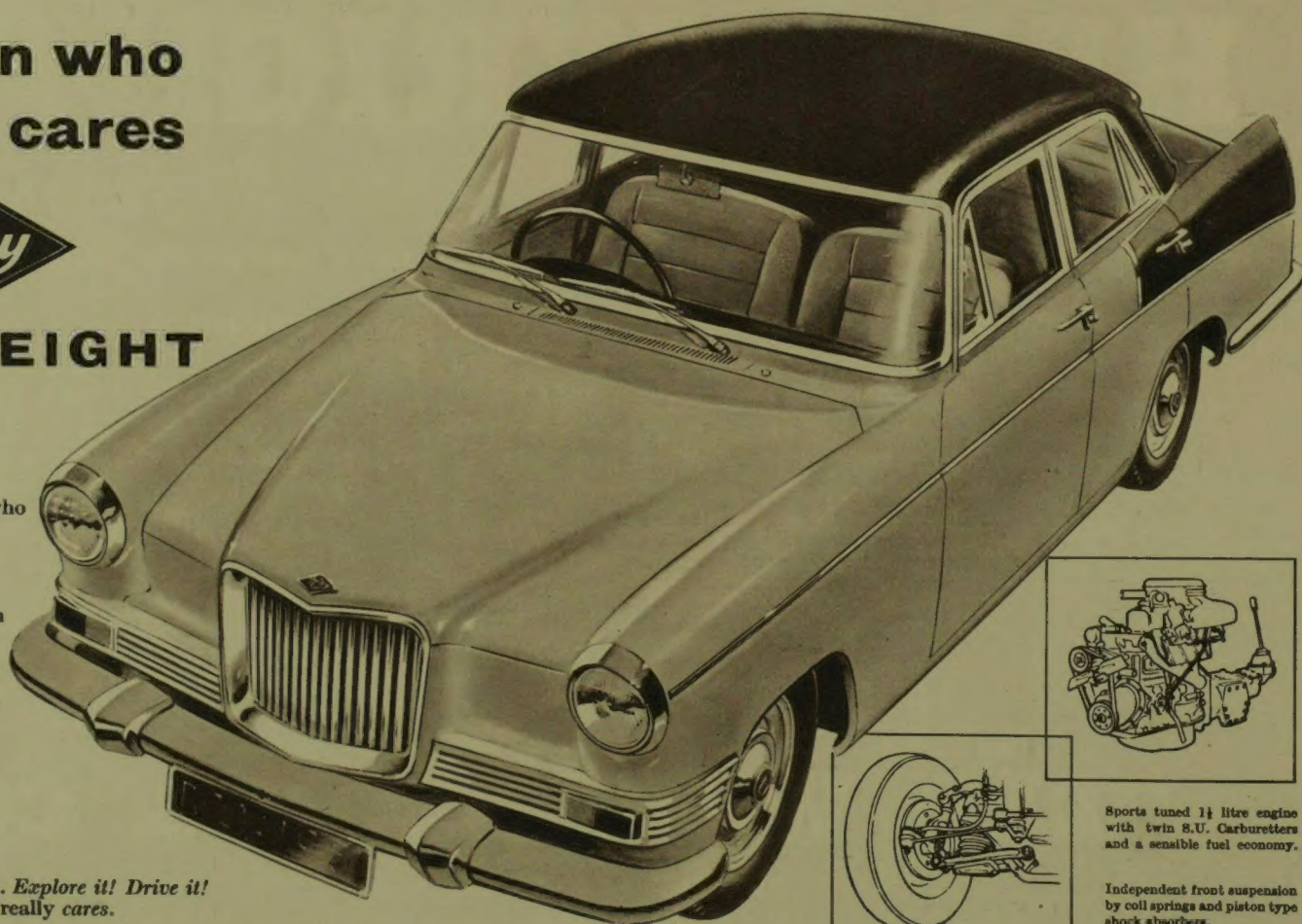
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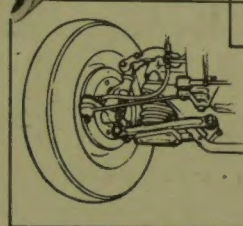
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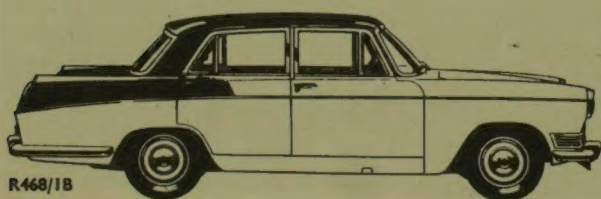
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This car is created for the man who really cares.*



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The bottle in question, shown here with its proud owner, contains the lightest Scotch whisky you can buy, Whyte and Mackays.

Is there a bottle like this in your home?

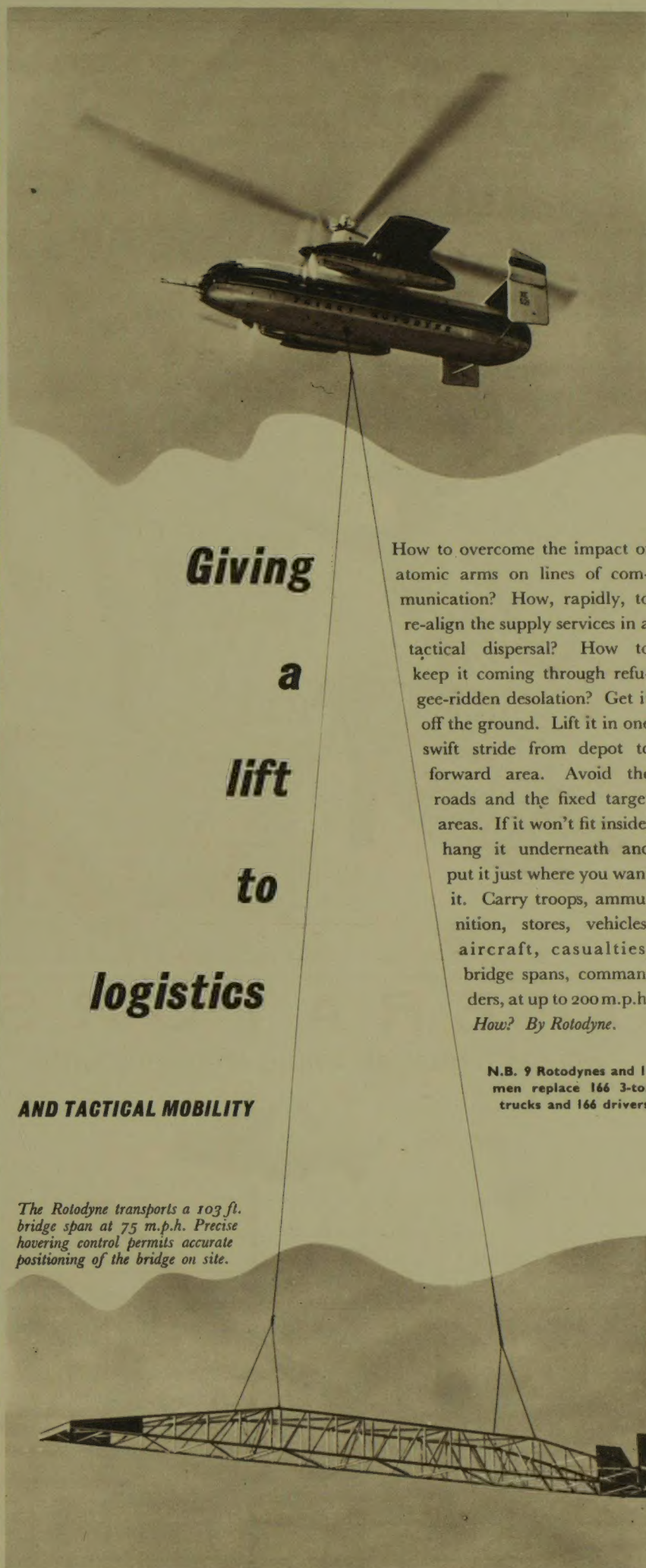
If there is, please don't read any further, you are one of *us* anyway. But if not, then it leaves two possibilities: you have either tasted Whyte and Mackays and don't like it, or you've never come across it at all. If you don't like it, because *you* happen to prefer *your* whisky heavy, please don't read any further, you're wasting your time. But if you have never met Whyte and Mackays, let us tell you something about it; it is the lightest, cleanest-tasting Scotch whisky

ever blended and has been revered by knowledgeable people since your great-grandfather's day.

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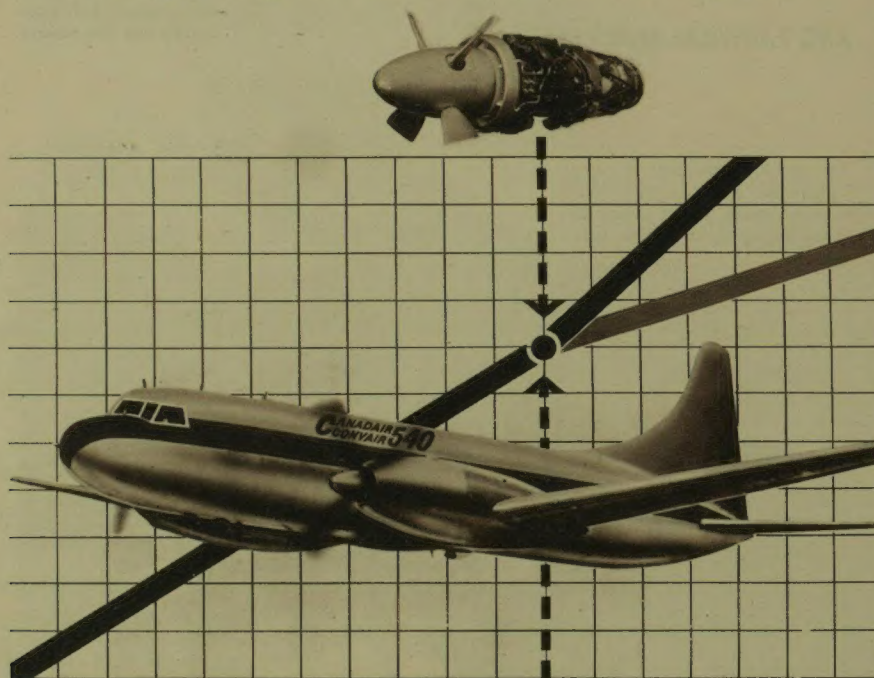
February 25 (18 days); March 18 (15 days); April 4 (13 days); April 19 (12 days).

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Esso Golden. Entirely new because it is formed in a new way—by a new process exclusive to Esso. This process takes ordinary petrol and re-arranges the hydrocarbon molecules—remakes the basic structure of petrol. It's a tremendous step forward that gives your car full response and acceleration.

Because of its modern formula **Esso Golden** preserves engine life—and, most important, it gives wonderfully smooth acceleration through the whole speed range.

With **Esso Golden** you feel you are driving a better car. *And you are.*

Give your car the 1963 petrol today!





President As Trail Blazer

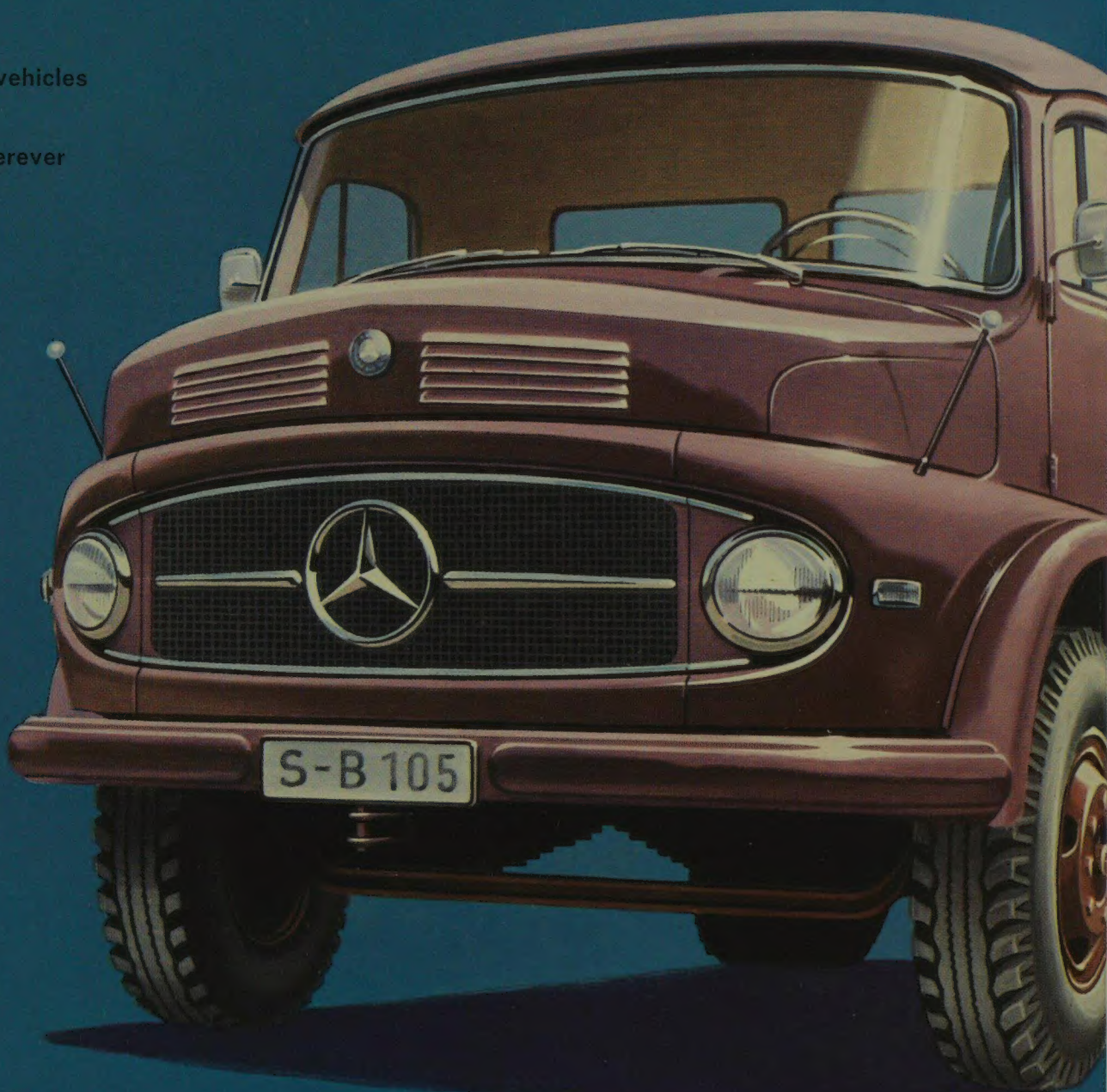
In the African republic of Liberia there are two routes from the capital, Monrovia, to Zozor, a town in the northern part of the country. One of these routes involves a long detour leading over French territory but does offer the advantage of being traversable at least in part. The other route qualifies as such in name only, as it passes through the

jungle, across marshes and over tracts of clay soil transformed into bogs of mire by five minutes of rain. This second route crosses altogether forty-one bridges consisting of rough logs placed parallel. However, Liberia is an independent country; and the President of this country wanted to travel to Zozor on his own roads—taking luggage along. Such wishes being tantamount to a command, the second route was chosen. But as a President does not walk, nor carry his luggage, vehicles had to be

fetched. Two powerful trucks were selected for the luggage; and as the drivers were, in their fortitude, a match for the endurance of the vehicles, both the President and his luggage arrived intact at Zozor despite many an apparent *impasse*. But once word spread about that two trucks had surmounted the infernal mire *en route* to Zozor, several other vehicles attempted to duplicate this feat of the trail blazers. Everyone determined to ford the muck to Zozor at any cost. But they all had to admit defeat, except for the two Mercedes-Benz trucks, which have now already covered this route on their seventh trip and are even settling down to what is becoming something of a dull routine.

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Mercedes-Benz Quality is
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1959.



ALL EYES ON THE MOON: SHOWING THE AREA WHERE THE SOVIET ROCKET LUNIK II LANDED ON SEPTEMBER 13.

Although only one observatory, at Budapest, has so far claimed to have witnessed the impact of *Lunik II*, it now seems certain that the Russians have succeeded in landing the first rocket on the moon. This is the first space flight from the earth to another celestial body. *Lunik II* was launched at about noon on September 12, and completed its 236,875-mile journey only 1 minute 24 seconds later than the time predicted by Russian planetarium officials. Tass said that the rocket delivered pennants showing the arms of the Soviet Union and the inscription, "The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, September 1959." In Moscow during the final minutes excitement

mounted outside the planetarium and thousands of people queued to gaze through the fifteen telescopes set up in the grounds. When the official announcement was made the crowd broke into applause. In England the radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank kept a check on the rocket's flight until the signals stopped suddenly at 2 minutes, 23 seconds after ten o'clock. The encircled area on the photograph above shows the region of the three "Seas," of Serenity (top), Tranquillity (right) and Vapours (left), where the rocket struck. The diameter of the moon is approximately 2160 miles. (Photograph by Moore and Chappell, Lick Observatory, Mt. Hamilton, California, U.S.A.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT is a great mistake to suppose that men are naturally fit to govern one another. They are not. It is a moot point whether they are fit even to govern themselves; they are certainly not born so, and many of us, it seems, go to the grave almost as foolish and feckless as we were when we were children. I am not suggesting that men cannot by a process of natural growth sometimes become wise and good, still less that they cannot be educated into comparative wisdom and virtue! But it is not easy to achieve and is very far from usually universally the case. The famous remark of the Whig lady who observed that Tories were born bad and grew worse might with equal justice have been applied to the whole human race!

Hence the fallacy of so much of our prevailing loose thinking and talk about democracy. The contemporary cant, as it goes, is that one has only to give every adult man and woman a vote and then count their opinions, and a just, peaceful, prosperous and contented world will follow as a natural result. No more fantastic *non sequitur* was ever propounded. Men and women in their dealings with their fellow creatures are seldom just, and are nearly always quarrelsome and irascible when thwarted—as, sooner or later, they usually are and are far more inclined, unless strictly trained in puritan and commercial habits, to be improvident and lazy rather than frugal and industrious. As for being contented, how many really contented men and women does one know, not merely among the poor—who may at least reckon themselves discontented with reason—but among the rich who have the wherewithal to satisfy almost every material need?

And if, their natures being what they are, human beings do not find it easy to govern themselves in a rational and competent way, how much less likely are they to be able to govern others? If they cannot rightly judge their own self-interest, what are the chances of their either correctly calculating the self-interest of anyone else or, even if they do, of pursuing it if it happens to clash with their own interest? No man, said the Duke of Wellington, is to be trusted in any affair where his own interest is engaged and, though this is an exaggeration, in nine cases out of ten—and perhaps ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—it is true. The only general exception to this rule is where men are bound together by close ties of consanguinity or affection; a man may be a good father or husband or neighbour or friend, yet, in the affairs of the Commonwealth or world, put the satisfaction of his own needs and desires and those of his dear ones far above those of the rest of mankind. Thus it is notorious that Charles James Fox's father, the first Lord Holland, was most kind and indulgent to his family, yet made an immense fortune out of the public. Or let me take myself as a humbler example. At the time of writing we are in the midst of that rarity in South-Western England, a prolonged drought. Among what economists call my gainful—or would-be gainful—pursuits is the keeping of cows and vending of milk, in pursuit of which I am having to feed nearly a hundred cows and heifers. Cows are the most modest and unexacting creatures in their wants—far more so than humans. Yet there is one thing they cannot get on without and that is grass, in one or other of its forms, and during the summer months the price the public pays for their milk is nicely graded to the fact that in an ordinary English summer a

farmer can be sure of plenty of grass. And, by nicely, I mean narrowly, for the price is fixed by Her Majesty's Treasury. But this late summer there has been very little grass in the South-West, not, that is, what in England we call grass, but

to command rain, I am afraid there would be an instantaneous downpour in every holiday resort round the shores of Dorset, Hampshire, Devon, Somerset and Cornwall which would continue, holiday-makers notwithstanding, until my springs and watercourses were full and my grass and kale growing again. Indeed, I have been, and am at this moment, praying for just this very thing. In other words, my selfish self-interest would, if I had my way, prevail over that great democratic objective, the greatest good of the greatest number. Readers of the newspapers may have noted the same phenomenon in recent months among busmen, printers, motor-workers and many others.

The problem, therefore, of government is, fundamentally, that of training human beings, who by nature and interest are so little constituted for it, to exercise power with wisdom, selflessness and impartiality, above all, impartiality. That is why democracy, though—if only this object can be achieved—potentially the best of all forms of government, is in practice by far the most difficult to operate. For it is hard to train a minority of men in wisdom, and disinterestedness, it is infinitely harder to train a majority of them in these virtues. Where a so-called ruling class exists, a conscious attempt is usually made, as it was in this country in the nineteenth century, to inculcate in its members as part of their education a sense of what is called *noblesse oblige*—the obligation, that is, of those who have privileges and possessions to justify them by shouldering and bearing public burdens. Where this ideal, and at least some attempt to put it into practice, does not exist, as in 18th-century aristocratic France or 19th-century aristocratic Russia, government is bound to fail and revolution sooner or later to follow. This is one of the eternal laws of history, and I cannot think of any exception to it.

All things considered, I doubt if any human society has ever chosen its rulers more wisely than this country did in the last three or four centuries. Our ruling polity, through all its many changes and developments, was, by and large, a mixed one, allowing for a wise and practical balance between those who exercised power because they were bred and trained to it, and those who did so because they desired it and had had the drive and ability to force their way to the front. For history suggests that without this admixture any form of government will suffer from certain fundamental failings that are inherent in human nature. If those who rule, however well trained for it and well-disposed, have all inherited it by birth, they will tend inevitably to be out of touch with the needs of those they rule and be often themselves lacking in energy and drive. That is the nemesis of any undiluted and absolute aristocracy. If, on the other hand, those who rule are all, as usually happens under an absolute democracy, persons who have attained power by a process of vigorous shoving and pushing, there will almost certainly be an insufficiency of disinterestedness and of public principle in high place. To have both these elements serving the Commonwealth, to open the career to the talents and yet preserve the traditional sense of public obligation and patriotism that spring from transmitted family piety and sense of honour has ever been our English way, and long, despite the logic of theoretical pedants and reformers, may it continue so!



STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE BICENTENARY OF THE FALL OF QUEBEC: THE OBERSE (TOP) AND REVERSE OF THE MEDAL DESIGNED AND MODELLED BY PAUL VINCZE.

This medal, which is now being struck by Spink and Son, Ltd., of London, in bronze, silver and gold (9, 18 or 22 carat), shows, on the obverse, portraits of the two great generals, Wolfe and Montcalm, who both fell in the battle of the Plains of Abraham on September 13, 1759—with, below, British ships in the St. Lawrence beside the Heights of Abraham. The reverse is an allegorical composition portraying the British, French and Indian nations working together to build the new nation of Canada, with the legend *Tria juncta in uno*—three joined in one.

merely a brown, unjuicy, dried-up, stinky substance such as one expects to find in such countries as Arabia, Sind, Arizona, and other desert lands where dairy herds cannot easily flourish. To millions, however, of my countrymen who do not keep cows but take their summer holidays in August and early September, the prolonged sunshine and absence of rain has been a godsend and, remembering the last two summers, a much-needed godsend. I am fully aware of this fact, but if I were in a position of authority and able

MEMORIES AND DEVELOPMENTS; AN AIR DISASTER; MOTORWAY PROGRESS.



THE WRECKAGE OF A *VALIANT* BOMBER, WHICH CRASHED SHORTLY AFTER TAKE-OFF AT MARHAM, NORFOLK, ON SEPTEMBER 11. The crew of six were all killed when an R.A.F. *Valiant* crashed shortly after take-off for a routine flight to East Africa from the R.A.F. station at Marham. It came to rest in flames about a mile from the end of the runway.



HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN. . . A BUNKER AT A COKING PLANT AT WATH, NEAR ROTHERHAM, CAPABLE OF HOLDING 500 TONS OF COAL, BEING DEMOLISHED IN A FEW SECONDS WITH GELIGNITE CHARGES. THE BUNKER WAS OF REINFORCED CONCRETE.



"GOLIATH" AT WORK IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE WORLD'S FIRST 500,000-KILOWATT NUCLEAR STATION AT HINKLEY POINT. This 250-ft.-high crane capable of lifting units weighing 400 tons has speeded up the construction of this nuclear power station, which is expected to be in commission by 1962. Work was started in December 1957.



LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES AFTER THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN COMMEMORATION SERVICE ON SEPTEMBER 13: AIR MARSHAL SIR GEOFFREY TUTTLE, DEPUTY-CHIEF OF AIR STAFF, AND MR. G. R. BOAK.



A STAGE IN THE 24-MILE MOTORWAY BETWEEN MAIDENHEAD AND CHISWICK: (RIGHT) THE SECTION FROM MAIDENHEAD THICKET TO THE THAMES, NEAR BRAY, WITH THE BASES FOR A NEW BRIDGE CROSSING THE RIVER.



DUE TO BE OPENED IN NOVEMBER: THE BIRMINGHAM SECTION OF THE LONDON-YORKSHIRE MOTORWAY, SEEN FROM THE AMPHILL-TODDINGTON ROAD BRIDGE. On September 7 Mr. Watkinson, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, inspected the nearly completed Birmingham section, the first 70 miles of the London-Yorkshire motorway, and announced that barring any unforeseen difficulties it would be open to traffic on November 2.



IN EDINBURGH'S NEW MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD, WITH MR. PATRICK MURRAY, THE ORIGINATOR AND HONORARY CURATOR, AN EDINBURGH COUNCILLOR. The idea of a Childhood Folk Museum in Edinburgh was originated by Mr. Murray and it came into being about four years ago. Now enriched by many gifts, it is installed in the reconstructed Hyndford's Close, in the Royal Mile, and is attracting very great interest.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S BEAUTY AND POISE: HIGHLIGHTS FROM HER AUSTRALIAN TOUR.



CLASPING THE HAND OF A DELIGHTED INMATE OF THE WAR VETERANS' HOME, NARRABEEN, SYDNEY: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA DURING HER VISIT TO THE CITY.



CONFRONTED WITH A UNIVERSITY STUDENT DRESSED LIKE A PINEAPPLE: THE PRINCESS AT BRISBANE WHERE SHE WAS INSTALLED AS AN HONORARY DOCTOR OF LAWS.



THE PRINCESS TALKING TO MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS ON HER ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY ON SEPTEMBER 9 FROM BRISBANE.



THE PRINCESS IN CONVERSATION WITH A GROUP OF MINERS AT THE MOUNT ISA COPPER MINES, IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST OF QUEENSLAND, ON AUGUST 23.



A FEW MINUTES OF INFORMALITY IN THE COUNTRY NEAR GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BRISBANE. WITH THE PRINCESS IS GROUP CAPTAIN T. N. STACK, DEPUTY CAPTAIN OF THE QUEEN'S FLIGHT.



SAILING THROUGH THE WATERS OF THE GREAT BARRIER REEF TOWARDS LINDEMAN ISLAND IN H.M.A.S. "ARRAMUNGU": PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IS WITH LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. H. McVINISH.



A WAVE TO THE CROWD AS SHE CHANGES CARS IN THE RAIN AFTER HER ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY FROM BRISBANE: THE PRINCESS, WEARING AN ATTRACTIVE FUR HAT.



A BOOMERANG FROM A SEVENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD ABORIGINE, TOM "SWIRL" WALTERS, AT GYMPIE, IN QUEENSLAND, WHERE THE PRINCESS WATCHED AN ANCIENT ABORIGINAL CEREMONY.



WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES INSTITUTION FOR DEAF AND BLIND CHILDREN DURING THE GOLDEN BALL HELD AT THE TROCADERO, SYDNEY.



AT A RECEPTION HELD AT SYDNEY TOWN HALL: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA WITH THE PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES, MR. J. J. CAHILL. ON THE LEFT IS MRS. CAHILL.



SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK AT SYDNEY TOWN HALL: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA WRITING HER NAME, WITH THE TOWN CLERK, MR. J. ADAMS, AT HER SIDE.

At Brisbane, on the last full day of her public engagements in Queensland, Princess Alexandra received an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at Queensland University. After unveiling a commemorative plaque, she made an informal tour of the university, talking with the students and visiting the lecture

rooms. In the afternoon she attended a garden-party—where 900 young Queenslanders were present—in the grounds of Parliament House. The following day she was given a rousing farewell at two gatherings by more than 65,000 Brisbane schoolchildren. On September 9 the Princess flew to Sydney,



THE PRINCESS TALKING WITH STATE FINALISTS IN THE MISS AUSTRALIA COMPETITION: A SCENE AT THE GARDEN PARTY HELD AT PARLIAMENT HOUSE, BRISBANE.

where she was given a most enthusiastic welcome despite the torrential rain. Chattering crowds—estimated at 120,000—lined the route from the airport to Government House. In the evening Princess Alexandra attended a State reception at the Town Hall, where presentations were made by the State



UNVEILING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND UNION AT BRISBANE: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA WITH MR. A. MORTON, THE UNION PRESIDENT.

Premier, Mr. J. J. Cahill. The following day she visited a spastic centre, where she chatted with children as they received treatment. She then paid a visit to a war veterans' home, and spoke to men who had served in both world wars. On the same day the Princess visited the National Fitness Camp.

MY weekly task is to comment on world politics and strategy, with an occasional glance back at history. I do not deal with home politics, except when they affect British policy. The meeting of the Trades Union Congress on September 9 was almost wholly devoted to a subject which concerns British policy, and the opinion of the T.U.C. has become of greater importance than ever before. No topic of the week challenges this. The result of that day's oratory and votes was one major triumph for official doctrine, and its success was not much diminished by the fact that this triumph was always expected and lately inevitable; this was followed by a setback of slightly less significance, but unwelcome to the platform. The debate was never bitter or undignified.

The success mentioned above was the defeat of a motion (that of Mr. Cousins), briefly, to reject the joint Labour Party-T.U.C. policy of forming a group of nations not owning nuclear weapons, "a non-nuclear club," and proposing that the Labour Party should declare that a Labour Government should cease all tests—and reaffirm that suspension of tests meant suspension of production. A stronger motion, to renounce nuclear weapons, was defeated on a show of hands. The defeat of the official policy was on a motion advocating a protest by the Congress against the establishment of American missile bases in this country. This time the majority was small, but unexpected and in the nature of a shock.

The importance both of the victory and of the defeat was heightened by the invitation to the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Gaitskell, to address the Congress. Early in the proceedings, in opposing a motion for a meeting between the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions and the World Federation of Trade Unions (a Communist organisation), Sir Alfred Roberts had remarked that they had found it impossible to work with the W.F.T.U. "on the basis of the constitution

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE T.U.C. AND NUCLEAR POLICY

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

"disarmament club." A club of one member will not get far in these times.

Where Mr. Cousins seemed to me wholly astray in reasoning was in his argument that the defensive value of the hydrogen-bomb was non-existent.



THE INTRODUCER OF THE LABOUR POLICY STATEMENT ON DISARMAMENT AND NUCLEAR WEAPONS: SIR VINCENT TEWSON, T.U.C. GENERAL SECRETARY, SPEAKING AT BLACKPOOL.

On September 9 at Blackpool the Trades Union Congress was marked by a debate on foreign policy and disarmament which showed a considerable division in feeling inside the party. Sir Vincent Tewson introduced the policy statement of which the central feature is the "non-nuclear club" but which rejects the unilateral stopping of the manufacture of nuclear weapons. Mr. Carron moved, and Mr. R. Gunter (of the Transport Salaried Staffs' Association) seconded, the motion welcoming the policy; and Mr. Cousins and his seconder, Mr. J. E. Newton (of the Tailors' and Garment Workers' Union), moved a resolution rejecting the "non-nuclear club" and demanding Britain's complete cessation of the testing of nuclear weapons. Mr. Carron's motion was carried by 5,214,000 votes to 2,690,000; and Mr. Cousins' motion was lost by 2,795,000 to 5,133,000.

He said that it did not prevent the Korean War or the Suez Canal operation and that it did not deter the Russians in Hungary. He might just as well have added that it did not stop the revolution in Cuba. It is a misuse of logic to argue that the primary object of the bombs and missiles of the West has ever been *use* in defence. We hope they never will be used, and on our side they never will be unless we find ourselves faced with ruin and obliteration. They are being provided to prevent a great-scale attack, and no one in his senses has ever, if he has taken time to reflect, supposed that they would have the rôle of preventing a secondary war. It is the size of the stake which counts.

In 1916, Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, laid down limits outside which he thought it would be dangerous for the fleet to venture. The longitude was well west of the area of the North Sea in which Jutland had been fought a little earlier in the year. At the beginning of 1918 his successor, Beatty, told a conference at the Admiralty that he no longer considered it desirable to bring on an action with the German High Seas Fleet if an opportunity occurred; he preferred to await the issue of new shell in which the serious defects revealed at Jutland had been remedied. Before these views became known many critics who had noted the relative inactivity of the Grand Fleet in the later part of the war had concluded that it, and particularly its battleships, was useless. When the views were known there was a chorus of derision.

The Grand Fleet, it was said, had been "boxed-up in Scapa" because it was "too fragile and precious to be exposed to the open sea"; it did

nothing; therefore it might as well not have existed. Now it is true that many found the attitude of the two admirals disappointing, even when they realised that Beatty had judged it necessary to weaken his fleet in order to find stronger escorts for the Scandinavian convoys, which were a matter of life and death to us. Yet

the Grand Fleet remained the ultimate arbiter. Had it been removed from the board, its loss would have been equivalent to the unrequited loss of the queen in chess. The High Seas Fleet would have been set free instead of being confined till the crews preferred mutiny to another sortie. It might have suffered heavily from our submarines, but it would almost certainly have starved us.

I am not, it need hardly be said, comparing the Grand Fleet of the First World War to "the deterrent" of to-day in any respect other than that of being a force withheld for a final emergency, as it may be argued the former was in 1918 or even earlier. Only in a minor degree could it further the campaign against the U-boats, and even in the North Sea it could not make sure of protecting the Scandinavian convoys. In the same way bombs could not be used to save Hungary. Obviously, the hydrogen-bomb is a thing of horror, which the Grand Fleet was not; but the arguments that both were valueless are based on similar fallacies.

One may feel an undercurrent of sympathy for the Cousins plan because in some ways it looks more open-hearted and high-spirited than that of the "non-nuclear club." The former is an ideal, mistaken or not. The latter is, nobody denies, a compromise, reached after various shiftings of views and divergences of opinion. Compromise is often inevitable and sometimes praiseworthy. To merit the latter second epithet, however, it has to give birth to a plan or a programme that is watertight or at least offers good prospects of success. I have never seen or heard an argument in favour



THE LEADER OF THE MINORITY WHICH OPPOSED THE OFFICIAL POLICY: MR. FRANK COUSINS, THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION.

which had been framed specifically to deal with industrial and trade union matters." The friends of the W.F.T.U. may have felt that the debates which followed and the invitation to Mr. Gaitskell, especially the latter, had weakened the argument. The T.U.C. has indeed rarely, if ever, identified itself so closely with the politics of the Labour Party.

Mr. Cousins was at his most formidable in his attack on the concept of a "non-nuclear club." This was that, if France, Germany, China, and other nations would agree to abandon the possession of "the bomb," Britain would do the same. This project, he said, sounded well until it was realised that they would not. The Government now in office has good reason to be aware of it, and a Labour Government would find itself in a position which was no better. The only wholly admirable "non-nuclear club" would be a



MR. WILLIAM CARRON, THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMALGAMATED ENGINEERING UNION, WHO PROPOSED THE MOTION SUPPORTING THE OFFICIAL POLICY—WHICH WAS CARRIED.

of this which appeared to be sound. Indeed, the best Sir Vincent Tewson could say for it was that it was not "a blueprint" (*i.e.*, a plan), but an idea.

We stand in many dangers, but it may be doubted whether this idea is among the more serious. Successes in the cause of peace may be gained by either party after success in the General Election, and all who are interested in the future of humanity and their own country will hope that whichever holds power will use its opportunities—and make new ones. Praise for progress ought to be as warm from political opponents as from supporters. It is, however, unlikely that progress will come through this plan, or idea. It has already provided some material for talk and may continue to do so. But it does not seem to have the calibre or the logic to get us anywhere.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



OBERAMMERGAU, WEST GERMANY. A VILLAGE ELECTION WITH A DIFFERENCE: THE SELECT COMMITTEE MEETING TO CHOOSE THE SPEAKING PARTS IN THE 1960 PASSION PLAY.



OBERAMMERGAU. ACTORS IN FAMOUS TRADITIONAL ROLES: A GROUP OF VILLAGERS WHO WILL TAKE LEADING PARTS IN THE PASSION PLAY. BEARDED ANTON PREISINGER WILL PLAY CHRIST FOR THE SECOND TIME. In 1633 the Black Death swept through the tiny Alpine village of Oberammergau. Surviving villagers vowed that from that time onwards they would perform every tenth year a play on the suffering of Christ if God would deliver them from their affliction. The villagers have kept their promise, and next year another Passion Play will be presented, with no fewer than 125 speaking parts. More than 85,000 people are expected to watch the eighty-five performances, each of which lasts 12 hours.



RIVER NEVA, U.S.S.R. AFTER BEING TOWED FROM HER LENINGRAD SHIPYARD: THE RUSSIAN ICE-BREAKER *LENIN*, WHICH IS THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOM-POWERED SURFACE VESSEL. SHE IS CLAIMED TO HAVE POWER ENOUGH TO CUT THROUGH TO THE NORTH POLE.



NEW YORK, U.S.A. TICKER-TAPE FOR A PRINCESS: A RADIANT PRINCESS BEATRIX OF THE NETHERLANDS RIDING THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK IN AN OPEN CAR. SHE ARRIVED IN THE LINER *ROTTERDAM*, WHICH WAS MAKING ITS MAIDEN VOYAGE.



HEIDELBERG, WEST GERMANY. FOR EMERGENCY CASUALTIES: A MOBILE OPERATING THEATRE KNOWN AS THE *CLINOMOBIL*. IT CONTAINS FULLY UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT.



HEIDELBERG. LOOKING MORE LIKE A TOURIST'S BUS THAN A MOBILE OPERATING THEATRE: THE *CLINOMOBIL*, PURCHASED BY HEIDELBERG AT A COST OF £12,000. IT HAS ITS OWN GENERATING SOURCE FOR LIGHT AND HEAT. The *Clinomobil* is situated a few hundred yards from the hospital in Heidelberg, from where it can be alerted by police radio. The surgical team can be summoned by flashing lights in the hospital, and experience has shown that from the first police "flash" the team arrived at a spot 10 miles away within 16 minutes.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



UTAH, U.S.A. BREAKING THE INTERNATIONAL LAND SPEED RECORD AT BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS: THE SPECIALLY-BUILT X-219 AUSTIN-HEALEY SPRITE.

The experimental Austin-Healey *Sprite* covered 1665 miles in a record 12 hours at an average speed of 138.75 m.p.h. Powered by a supercharged 950-c.c. engine, the X-219 broke nine international land speed records and more than forty United States records on the salt flats at Bonneville.



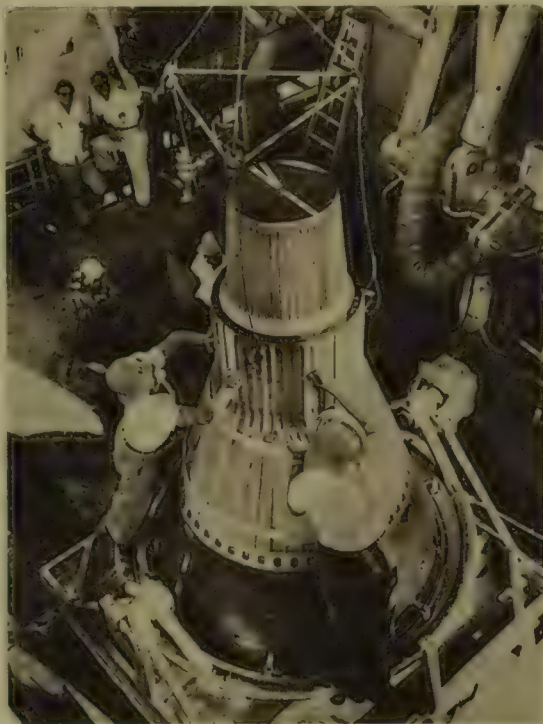
OHIO, U.S.A. A NEW FORM OF MOTOR RACING WHICH MAY SOON BE SEEN IN BRITAIN:

A PARADE OF TINY "KARTS" AT THE START OF A "GO KART" RACE.

A new sport which is rapidly increasing in popularity in the United States and which may soon be seen in this country is "Go Kart" racing, in which tiny cars, consisting, for the most part, of a bucket seat welded to a steel frame, tear round special tracks at speeds of 35 m.p.h. or more. Meetings will be held on recognised racetracks.

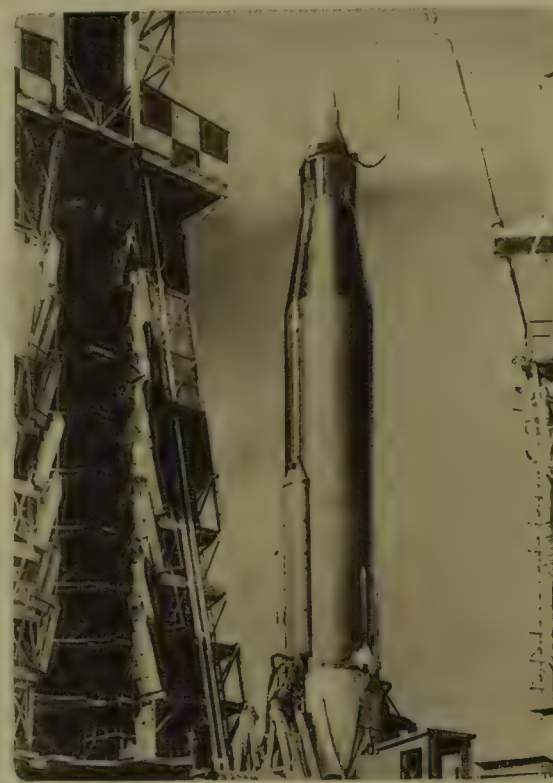


MONACO. AN UNUSUAL TRAFFIC CONTROL BOX: A MODERNISTIC STRUCTURE—SURROUNDED BY A DECORATIVE BED OF FLOWERS—WHICH HAS BEEN SET UP IN A ROAD JUNCTION IN THE PRINCIPALITY.



FLORIDA, U.S.A. DESIGNED TO CARRY A MAN INTO SPACE: THE CAPSULE OF THE SATELLITE, MERCURY.

The first test of the *Mercury* satellite, designed to carry a man in orbit around the earth, was carried out at Cape Canaveral, Florida, on September 9. The unmanned capsule—recovered intact—fell several hundred miles short of its landing zone, owing to the failure of the "booster" stage of the *Atlas* missile carrying the satellite to fall away.

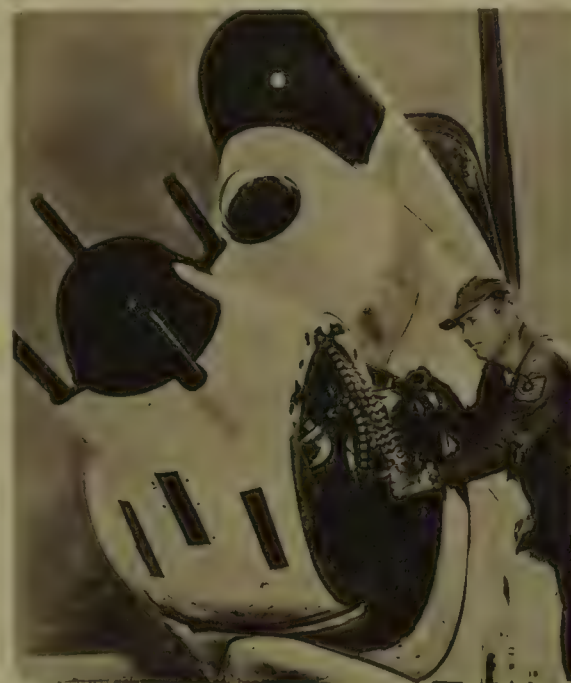


LAUNCHED FROM CAPE CANAVERAL: THE COMPLETE TEST MODEL OF THE MAN-CARRYING SATELLITE, MERCURY.



BARCELONA, SPAIN. THE FIRST CHINESE JUNK TO SAIL FROM HONG KONG TO BARCELONA: THE 60-TON RUBIA ARRIVING AFTER ITS EIGHT-MONTH JOURNEY, DURING WHICH IT COVERED 10,000 MILES.

During this great voyage from Hong Kong to Barcelona, the junk *Rubia* was manned by a crew with little seafaring experience. The skipper, Señor Jose Maria Tey Planas, a member of the Royal Nautical Club of Barcelona, was awarded the Spanish Medal of Naval Merit for his great achievement.



FLORIDA, U.S.A. THE TAIL GUNNER'S POSITION ELIMINATED: A VIEW OF A TELEVISION CAMERA FITTED TO A BOMBER.

With the help of a television camera—seen above the guns—the tail gunner's position in this bomber has been eliminated. The camera picks up the view from the rear, which can then be seen on the screen in the forward control compartment. The guns are operated by remote control.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



VALLETTA, MALTA. LABOUR PARTY SUPPORTERS CELEBRATING MALTA'S NATIONAL DAY: THE IMPRESSIVE PARADE OF YOUTHS IN UNIFORM WHO, ON SEPTEMBER 8, MARCHED INTO THE CAPITAL AFTER AN ANTI-BRITISH PROTEST RALLY—ATTENDED BY 14,000—AT HAM-RUN, JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY.



WASHINGTON, U.S.A. GIVING A REPORT ON HIS VISIT TO EUROPE AFTER HIS RETURN FLIGHT: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, WITH MRS. EISENHOWER, AND VICE-PRESIDENT AND MRS. NIXON AT NATIONAL AIRPORT. THE PRESIDENT SAID "EVERYTHING IS GOING SPLENDIDLY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS CHIEF ALLIES."



AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND. QUEEN JULIANA NAMING A RACING SHELL WITH HER OWN NAME ON THE AMSTEL RIVER AT THE DE HOOP ROWING AND YACHTING CLUB WHICH IS UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.



MOSCOW, U.S.S.R. THE MEETING OF BRITISH LABOUR PARTY LEADERS WITH MR. KHRUSHCHEV AT THE KREMLIN ON SEPTEMBER 4: SEEN WITH THE SOVIET PREMIER ARE (L. TO R.) MR. GAITSKELL, MR. BEVAN, M. SUSLOV AND MR. HEALEY. On September 4 Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan were received at the Kremlin by Mr. Khrushchev and had talks lasting three hours. Among the subjects they discussed were Berlin and the rôle of N.A.T.O.: no agreement was reached upon them. However, they agreed that there should be disengagement in Central Europe.

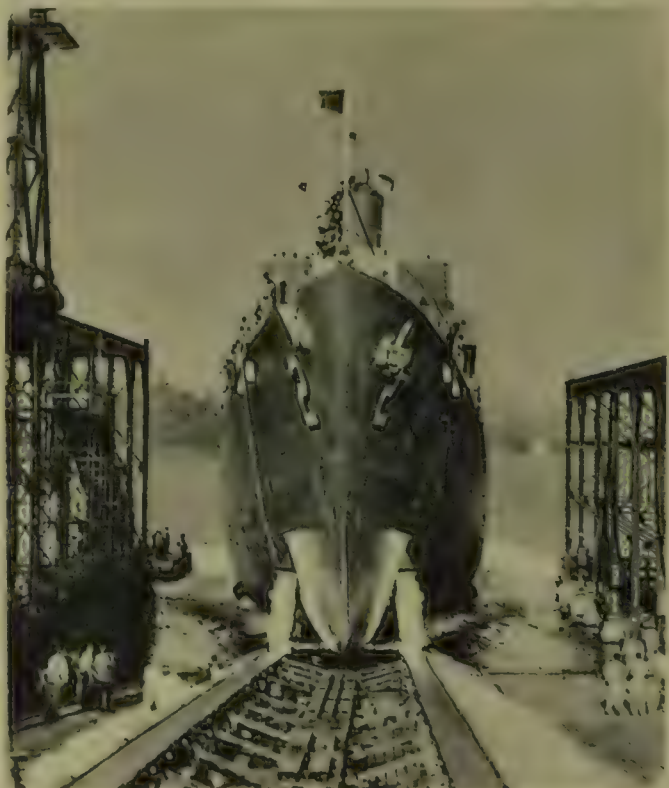


NEW DELHI, INDIA. IN DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE THE COMMUNIST CHINESE EMBASSY: INDIANS CARRYING THEIR PLACARDS IN PROTEST AGAINST CHINESE AGGRESSION. The tense situation on the north-east border was declared by Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier, to be due to the "trespassing and provocations" of Indian troops. He said that the root of the trouble lay in old attempts to bring Tibet under British control.



NEW DELHI, INDIA. THE DALAI LAMA OF TIBET WITH HIS HOSTESS, MRS. INDIRA GANDHI, DAUGHTER OF MR. NEHRU, THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER: A SCENE FROM THE EXILED DALAI LAMA'S BRIEF VISIT TO MR. NEHRU'S HOME. IT WAS HIS FIRST VISIT TO NEW DELHI SINCE HE FLED FROM TIBET.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



(Left.)
MAINE, U.S.A.
THE LAUNCHING OF
A GUIDED MISSILE
DESTROYER AND A
"FRONT RUNNER
AMONG AN ENTIRELY
NEW GENERATION":
THE U.S. NAVY'S
3370-TON CHARLES
F. ADAMS ENTERING
THE WATER FOR THE
FIRST TIME AT THE
BATH IRON WORKS.

(Right.)
MIRALE, NYASA-
LAND. TO RUN
FROM MIRALE TO THE
CHANGALUMI MILL OF
THE NYASALAND
PORTLAND CEMENT
COMPANY: THE
SPECIAL TRAIN—
BEARING SIR ROY
WELENSKY, WHO
OFFICIALLY OPENED
THE NEW RAILWAY—
JUST BEFORE ITS
FIRST JOURNEY.



CALCUTTA, INDIA. IN PROTEST AGAINST THE WEST BENGAL GOVERNMENT'S FOOD POLICY: RIOTERS—INCLUDING STUDENTS—IN VIOLENT DEMONSTRATION IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY. During the food riots in Calcutta—which was paralysed by a twelve-hour general strike, called by the Leftist Price Increase and Famine Resistance Committee—police opened fire on the crowds attempting to loot rice. In Howrah and Calcutta at least nineteen people were killed.



ANCONA, ITALY. THE DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY A HURRICANE: THE SCENE IN THE MAIN SQUARE, WITH CHAOTICALLY-HEAPED WRECKAGE OF CARS AND BUILDINGS. AT LEAST ELEVEN PEOPLE WERE KILLED IN THE WORST STORMS IN LIVING MEMORY.



HOLLOMAN, NEW MEXICO. DIRECT FROM HANGAR TO AIR: A U.S. SUPER SABRE JET FIGHTER WHICH IS ENABLED TO DISPENSE WITH A RUNWAY BY ITS ROCKET BOOSTER ENGINE. A rapid means of becoming airborne was recently displayed at the Holloman Air Base, New Mexico, when a Super Sabre jet fighter flew straight out of its hangar. The "zero length take-off" was made possible by a rocket booster engine underneath the aircraft.



LOS ANGELES, U.S.A. FOR APPREHENSION OF CRIMINALS: AN "IDENTI-KIT," WITH WHICH FACES ARE RECONSTRUCTED BY FILM TRANSPARENCIES. This ingenious device for identifying criminals was invented by the Chief Detective of Los Angeles, H. C. McDonald. The kit contains 500 transparent films, each of which bears a line drawing of a coded facial characteristic, and these are overlaid until a likeness is reconstructed.

AT HOME AND AT SEA: A NEWS MISCELLANY.



TO COMMEMORATE THE CENTENARY OF ISAMBARD BRUNEL'S DEATH: THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE AVON AT BRISTOL, ONE OF THE WEST COUNTRY'S MOST FAMOUS LANDMARKS, ILLUMINATED AND FLOODLIT. DESIGNED BY BRUNEL IN 1831, IT WAS COMPLETED IN 1864.



MEETING IN LONDON: THE HEADS OF DELEGATIONS AT THE MILITARY COMMITTEE MEETING OF THE CENTRAL TREATY ORGANISATION (FORMERLY THE BAGHDAD PACT).

The heads of delegations shown (photographed on September 9) are (left to right): Lt.-Gen. Abdollah Hedayat (Iran), Lt.-Gen. M. Hababullah Khan (Pakistan), Gen. Rustu Erdelhun (Turkey), Admiral of the Fleet Lord Mountbatten (U.K.) and Lt.-Gen. T. D. White (U.S.A.). Meanwhile, in Ankara, the Economic Committee were discussing development projects, estimated at about £7,000,000.



TO BE LAUNCHED ON SEPTEMBER 17 BY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER: *BRITISH QUEEN*, A 50,000-TON TANKER. This huge oil tanker, which is stated to be the largest British-built and British-owned, has been built at Clydebank by John Brown and Co. Ltd., and is the first of a class now on order for the British Petroleum Co. With a summer dead-weight of 49,500 tons, she has a gross tonnage of about 31,000 tons and a service loaded speed of 15½ knots.



AT THE SALE OF THE CONTENTS OF STANWELL PLACE, THE MIDDLESEX HOME OF THE LATE KING FEISAL OF IRAQ: THE SCENE IN THE MARQUEE ERECTED IN THE GROUNDS. The furniture and furnishings of King Feisal's English home which were sold by auction on September 8 by direction of the Public Trustee, fetched a total of £19,570. The proceeds will be deposited pending a decision on the King's rightful heirs.

(Above.) EN ROUTE FOR THE PIRÆUS FROM BREMERHAVEN: A GIANT £1,000,000 DRY-DOCK BEING TOWED DOWN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, EARLY IN HER 3000-MILE VOYAGE.

This dry-dock which is 694 ft. long, 144 ft. wide and capable of docking vessels up to 50,000 tons, has been built for Mr. Stavros Niarchos and is part of a £7,000,000 project—the construction of Hellenic Shipyards at Scaramanga, near Piræus, on the site of the former Greek Naval Yard which was destroyed during the last war. The dock was built in prefabricated sections at Dusseldorf and these were assembled at Bremerhaven. When being towed through the Bremerhaven Northern lock, it had to be given a 22-degree list to get it through the lock gates.

(Right) AT THE BRILLIANT BRAEMAR GATHERING ON SEPTEMBER 10: THE QUEEN MOTHER ACCEPTING A BOUQUET. WITH HER ARE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PRINCESS MARGARET, THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS ANNE.

A record crowd of about 25,000 people attended the Braemar Gathering on September 9 and although there was some disappointment that the Queen did not attend, yet there was also sympathetic understanding as the sun blazed down all day with temperatures in the 70's. Indeed, the Duke, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret all wore sun-glasses as they watched the games. The Royal party were welcomed by Sir Ian Forbes Leith, making his first appearance as Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire.



A TURBULENT PRIEST.

"THE LIFE OF GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA." By ROBERTO RIDOLFI.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

ITALY at the beginning of the last decade of the 15th century was a singularly pleasant place. It is true that she was not united, but she was none the worse for that, and she was displaying to mankind new summits of artistic excellence. It is also true that wars still took place between the various states, but they were carried on by *condottieri*, and were practically bloodless, for contemporary Italian opinion very sensibly held the view that battles are best left to competing bands of mercenary troops, and that whether these forces were composed of fellow-countrymen or of foreigners was a matter of minor importance. This philosophic outlook had resulted in a long spell of peace during which the Renaissance had developed in all its splendour, and such a state of affairs might have continued far into the 16th century but for three men—namely, Ludovico Sforza, the Regent of Milan; Charles VIII, King of France; and Girolamo Savonarola, the subject of the Marchese Ridolfi's biography who encouraged French ambitions. All that they accomplished was first to turn Italy into a Franco-Spanish battlefield, and then into a Spanish satellite.

Sforza was the prime mover in the events which followed, for, fearful of an alliance against him of Naples and Florence, where Lorenzo the Magnificent had recently died, he had sent an envoy, in the words of Philippe de Commines, "to tickle Charles, who was but twenty-one years of age, with the vanities and glories of Italy, and to urge the right he had to the fine kingdom of Naples." Charles himself was a licentious hunchback of doubtful sanity, and he was an easy prey to flattery of this nature, while behind him was rising the dangerous cry of "*La France s'ennuie*" which has driven other French Governments into foreign adventures down the ages. There is also a theory that Charles went into Italy to corner the alum trade. Its supporters hold that he wished France to be a great wool country, and that as alum was essential for dyeing he wanted to get control of the alum-workers who had migrated to Italy after the fall of Constantinople. If there is anything in this supposition, then it would appear that Charles was the stooge of French Big Business as well as of the French aristocracy.

As for the third of the trio, Savonarola, he was a singularly unattractive figure. In this volume the Marchese Ridolfi has done his best for him, but from his earliest days he adopted a "holier than thou" attitude which I find peculiarly repellent. He was born in the easy and liberal atmosphere of Ferrara, a subject of the Estensi, one of the most cultured dynasties of the Renaissance, but it was by no means to his taste. "He had been taken once to the court," the author tells us, "and was so displeased by what he saw that he would never set foot there again." A revivalist meeting in the Rhondra Valley at the end of the 19th century would clearly have been more to his liking. When Savonarola decided that Ferrara was too wicked for him he left it to take Holy Orders as a friar without so much as having had the civility of informing his parents, and when they remonstrated with him for his lack of consideration all the answer they received was such comfort as, "For what do you weep, blind fools, why do you lament, why do you murmur, you who lie in darkness?" His subsequent treatment of his widowed mother was equally callous in the extreme. The author has much to say of his hero's humility, but it is difficult to resist the conclusion that this was mostly on the surface, while he actually suffered from a spiritual pride which almost amounted to spiritual paranoia.

Savonarola settled in Florence, and being a powerful preacher had the same

sort of success there that Father Bernard Vaughan was to have in Edwardian London, and for the same reason. "The Sins of Society" is always a popular theme in the pulpit, especially when there are plenty of sins and plenty of society, as was the case in the Florence of the Medici. People take a masochistic pleasure in hearing themselves denounced, so Savonarola was for a time all the rage. The

Had the friar been content to remain a moral reformer all might have been well, but his appetite grew for what it fed on—namely, power; and that took him into politics—to prove once more that the office of the preacher and the statesman are not easily reconciled. The author admits that for three years Florence had "no other master than that terrible voice"; in season and out of season he preached the coming of the King of France as destined by God for the scourge of Italy and the reform of the Church, so that when Charles did arrive the friar was hailed as a prophet. This went to his head, and he spoke to the French monarch on equal terms, threatening him with God's wrath if he sacked Florence, as appeared to be his intention:

These, or similar darkly menacing words, spoken by Savonarola while all the time holding the crucifix before the King's eyes, and accompanied by that mysterious fascination which emanated from him, especially when he was prophesying, had their effect. The weak and superstitious Charles answered him kindly, saying that he had come to pacify the city and not to despoil it.

By now Savonarola had his own party, the Piagnoni, and with their assistance he remodelled the Constitution of Florence, but he had overplayed his hand. Religious enthusiasm is notoriously subject to relapses, and even Calvin could hardly have kept it at the fever-heat to which it had been raised. Nor was this all, for the friar's irruption into politics had brought him into collision with the Pope, Alexander VI, who was a very competent statesman if a somewhat unsatisfactory Vicar of Christ. Savonarola had begun to talk about a General Council of the Church, which was extremely dangerous ground, more particularly since it was known also to be in the mind of his friend Charles VIII. This thoroughly alarmed the Pope, who up to that time had displayed a remarkably tolerant attitude towards the friar's outbursts, and he demanded that Savonarola be handed over to him for trial in Rome. At this point two events took place which still further weakened the reformer's position, for his party lost control of the Government of Florence and the King of France died. The new Signory would not, indeed, go so far as the Pope wished, but they put Savonarola on trial in Florence for heresy and treason, and when he had been found guilty he was duly burnt with two companions.

This is the story that the Marchese Ridolfi has to tell, and he tells it like a scholar; but he makes no attempt to be impartial, and he never really faces up to the problem whether or not Savonarola was a charlatan. That he was a hard and unsympathetic man admits of no discussion, and from the evidence a case could easily be made for him as a hypocrite who pretended to believe in divine guidance, and in the gift of prophecy to attain his ends. The author will have none of this, and he gives it as his opinion that "had his voice been listened to, perhaps beyond the Alps Luther would not have arisen, or his influence would have been less; and the Reform, of which every Christian heart felt the need, would then have been born in the very bosom of the Church of Rome." This may be so, but I prefer the doubts of the Pope who said, "The thing I shall be most anxious to know when I get into Heaven is whether Savonarola was a righteous man or no." That he was an exceedingly uncomfortable one with whom to have to deal on earth I am firmly convinced.

* "The Life of Girolamo Savonarola." By Roberto Ridolfi. Frontispiece. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 35s.)



GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY FRA BARTOLOMEO (MUSEO DI SAN MARCO, FLORENCE).

This illustration from "The Life of Girolamo Savonarola" is reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd.

enthusiasm for him reached its height at the Carnival of 1497, when children went from house to house begging for "vanities"; in consequence cards, trinkets, immodest books, pictures, and works of art were handed in, and, heaped promiscuously in one common pyre, were solemnly burnt in the Piazza.

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HOME FROM MOSCOW FOR THE ELECTION: MR. GAITSKELL (CENTRE) AND MR. ANEURIN BEVAN IN THE LABOUR PARTY TELEVISION BROADCAST ON SEPTEMBER 9. IMMEDIATELY BEHIND MR. GAITSKELL, MR. MORGAN PHILLIPS, THE LABOUR PARTY SECRETARY, IS STANDING; AND ALSO IN THE BACKGROUND IS MR. IAN MIKARDO.



BACK FROM BALMORAL, WHERE HE HAD ADVISED HER MAJESTY TO DISSOLVE PARLIAMENT: MR. MACMILLAN IN DOWNING STREET. OCTOBER 8 WAS ANNOUNCED AS ELECTION DAY.

IN ACTION FOR THE GENERAL ELECTION : MR. MACMILLAN AND MR. GAITSKELL RETURN TO LONDON AND THE CAMPAIGN.

On September 7 Mr. Macmillan flew in a *Heron* aircraft of the Queen's flight from Benson to Dyce Airport, Aberdeen, for a special audience of the Queen, at Balmoral, returning the following day. In the afternoon of the same day it was officially announced from Downing Street that Parliament would be dissolved on September 18, that the last day for nominations would be September 28, and that polling in the General Election would take place

on October 8, with the first session of the new Parliament on October 27. Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan, who had been touring Russia, received the official announcement from the British Embassy in Moscow and cancelled their projected trip to Poland, returning by air to London on September 9. Later the same day both Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan made a surprise appearance in the later stages of a Labour Party political television broadcast.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



FOR me, cyclamen and berries go together: I mean, naturally, the autumn-flowering cyclamen, although we are also trying to establish the

spring-flowering kinds. It is not easy, but it is worth the trouble.

To far too many people in our urban land the name cyclamen has come to mean that large-flowered pot-plant which they give as a Christmas present when they can not think of anything else to give. This big cyclamen was derived from the small *C. persicum*, is completely devoid of the charm and distinction one associates with the several species, and has, in my opinion, little to recommend it. But then, I am no pot-plant man; we have a few bilbergias, and one or two other things in pots, for the house, notably a *selenicereus* which I am determined to flower one of these nights even if we have to enlarge the house to get the thing in. But on the whole, pot plants are too much trouble if one has several acres to look after. And even if I liked pot plants, the big cyclamen would not be one of those I liked, if only because it will not stand comparison with the little ones.

It must be admitted, however, that these are not easy to establish, at least in our soil. Some years ago I planted two or three dozen *C. neapolitanum* in the wild garden, under tall trees in partial shade. Nothing whatever happened for two years, and I assumed that the corms had died. But then, last autumn, there were suddenly four or five of the lovely shell-pink and carmine flowers among the grass, and later came the beautiful marbled leaves. The loss, then, was not total, and we are now watching anxiously for flowers. Incidentally, a few of the corms having been stuffed rather hastily into vacant cracks in our very small, new and amateurish rock-garden, for some reason came up the wrong way round, i.e., leaves first, in July, and then flowered in August. There was no question of their not being the same species, for the leaves are unmistakable. It is true that botanical authorities give this species as flowering from July to November, but it is odd that some corms from the same batch should flower in July and the rest in October.

Another species we are trying to establish is *C. coum*. These were obtained not as dried corms, but as plants in leaf growing in small pots, presumably grown from seed. The result was markedly better: I don't think we lost any; half were rose-pink, the others white, and all were planted in the very narrow bed against a house wall, kept open for the benefit of our wall-pear tree. All flowered in March, and we have hopes that, if they really take to that bed, they will fill it and crowd it. For that is how cyclamen should be grown, in crowded drifts, preferably under trees. There is, not far from Newton Ferrers, in Devon, if I remember rightly, a churchyard where *C. europæum* of the fragrant variety *album* grows thus, in dense drifts under old trees, a most beautiful spectacle.

Even planting the dried corms—which, I am assured, may rest in the ground for a year or two before beginning to grow—is not easy; it is so very simple to get them the wrong way up. The best nurseries send them out with printed instructions about planting the rounded side down, but as some are perfectly spherical or seem to be, others quite shapeless, and only a proportion definitely rounded on one side and flattish on the

CYCLAMEN AND BERRIES.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

other, the instructions are not much use. Finally, mice like the corms.

Still, if you can get them established, and if they like your garden and consent to increase naturally, you will have one of the pleasantest features any garden can have. The corms, and especially young plants in pots, are very dear; it is possible to grow cyclamen species from seed, of course, but, from my own experience, it is not particularly easy, the difficulty probably being that one can not get really fresh seeds.

The most striking of the berries—berries and autumn cyclamen are a natural pair, like eggs and

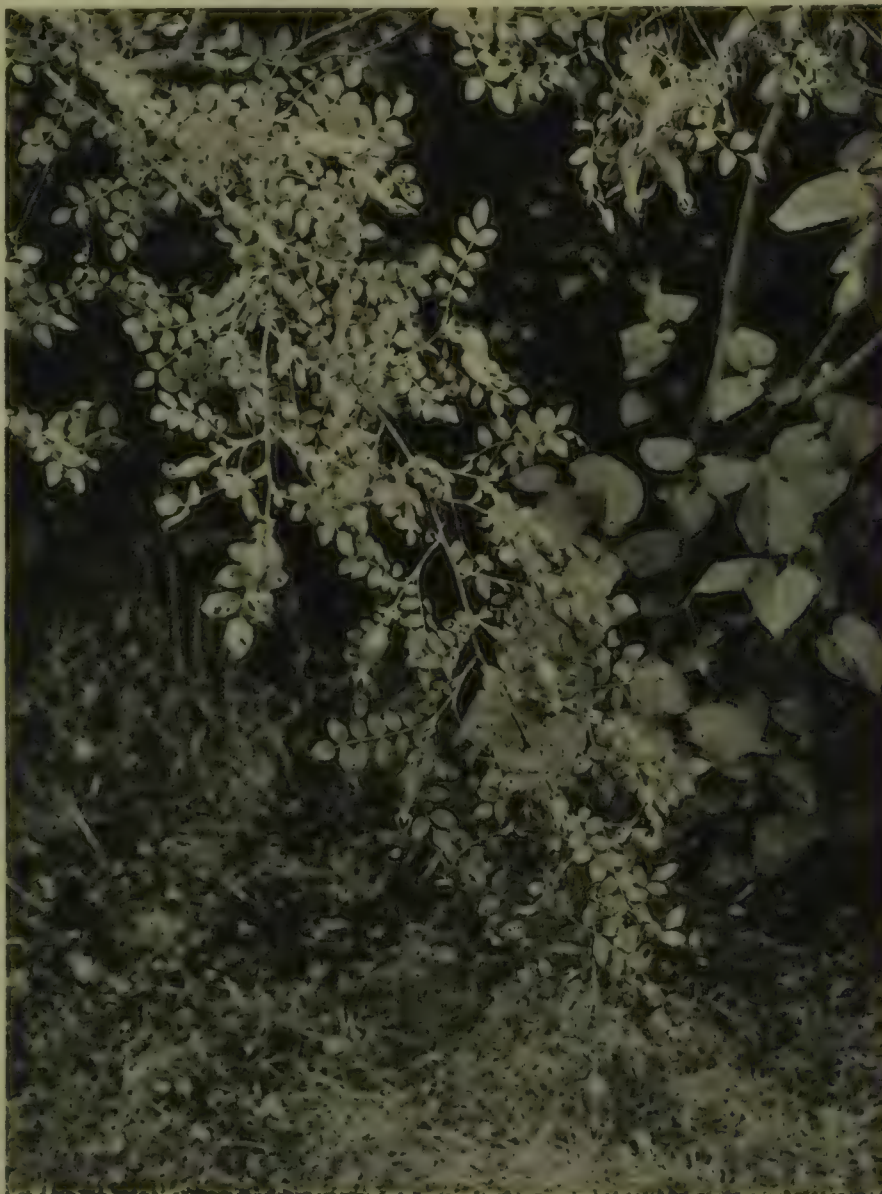
appreciation of mellow fruitfulness, it is a melancholy season. The way-faring tree in a garden is like the words *remember death* whispered in the emperor's ear to keep him from becoming swelled-headed. In short, the early berries—mountain ash is another offender—insist upon recalling winter before it is really necessary.

On the other hand, the really late berries are my delight; for, after all, once you have been obliged to face the fact that winter is back again, by the wilting of the cyclamens and the frosty death of the Michaelmas daisies, it turns out to be not so bad. For the gardener, it has its consolations: dig a piece of ground and it looks very tidy and *stays* tidy, which is more than you can say for summer. And so long as the hollies are bright with scarlet and gold, and the Strawberry Tree splendidly alive with colours, the deep green of its winter foliage and the luminous scarlet of its fruits, all is not lost. Incidentally, does anyone know why birds commonly leave holly berries so severely alone that they often remain on the trees into the following summer; whereas the hawthorns, and this will be a great year for hawthorn berries, are almost invariably cleared before Christmas? And why they gorge themselves on all kinds of *Rubus* berries, whether one's carefully cultivated autumn raspberries, or the wild blackberries; but leave the ripest mulberries alone?

A berrying shrub which we acquired by the simple process of digging up a young one in a wood, and which is particularly attractive once it is established, is the spindle-berry tree, *Euonymus europæus*. The whole of this genus is interesting to the gardener, although one does not see much of it in gardens here. The four-lobed berries are unlike any others, not only in their pale-pink colour, but in their odd shape. There is a white-fruited variety, and several varieties (e.g., *aldenhamensis* and *intermedius*) with redder and more spectacular fruits. Somewhere in the West Country, Cornwall, I think, or it may have been St. Mary's, in Scilly, I saw a Japanese species of the genus being used as an evergreen hedge. However, nice though these exotics doubtless are, the common spindle-tree is worth having, at least in a large garden.

We can, I suppose, include under the head of berrying shrubs, the elder tree, *Sambucus niger*.

Hated by hedgers and despised by gardeners, it is one of the most pleasant and useful of our native plants and it is time something was done to restore its reputation. The flowers are beautiful and fragrant in spring and yield a delicious, sparkling wine with a "nose" like warm honey. The berries, hanging wine-dark in great heavy racemes on mulberry-red stalks, are equally beautiful, and yield another and very different wine, with the gravity of port and a curious, spicy taste. Elder wood, too, had at one time a number of special uses, and the very pitch of the young growth was commercially valuable. Fortunately, it is not necessary to take steps to preserve this noble shrub; it readily seeds itself all over the place. It has, moreover, a handsome relation which is in the process of diffusing itself southward from its northern habitat, I mean the red-berried *Sambucus racemosa*. Everyone who sees this splendid tree, wants one: but it seems quite clear that not everyone can grow it. Our ordinary elder will grow anywhere; *racemosa* only in the most wretched soils and exposed sites.



"THE MOST STRIKING OF THE BERRIES . . . IN THIS GARDEN ARE THE HIPS OF *ROSA MOYESII*. THEY ARE . . . MOREOVER, HEAVY ENOUGH TO BRING DOWN THE SIDE-SHOOTS ON THE GREAT STOUT STEMS OF THIS ROSE, SO THAT THEY HANG GRACEFULLY." (Photograph by Douglas Weaver.)

bacon—in this garden are the hips of *Rosa moyesii*. They are not only large and shapely, but a very good scarlet, and moreover heavy enough to bring down the side-shoots on the great stout stems of this rose, so that they hang gracefully. Many other of the species roses produce a fine crop of pretty hips, although none that I know are as fine as these. Some of our yellow-flowered single roses have shiny jet-black hips, and black is not a common garden colour. *R. rubiginosa* hips are red, but very numerous, and sweet briar is another good "berrying" rose.

Among the other berrying shrubs, the one I would dig up and destroy if I could bring myself to do it would be the wayfaring tree. I dislike it for the same reason as I am not over-fond of dahlias and those clever new chrysanthemums which bloom in August: all are essentially, by long association, autumn beauties; I do not want autumn beauties while it is still, in my opinion, summer. Say what you like about the charm of autumn, and I yield to no one in my



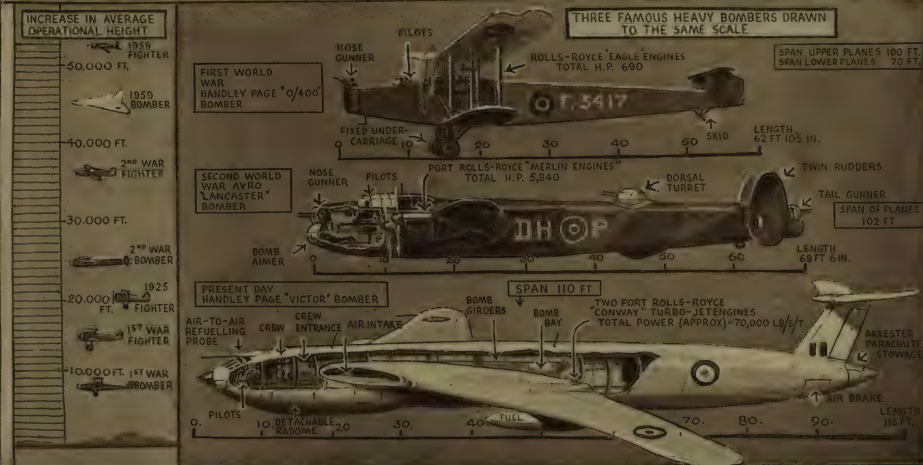
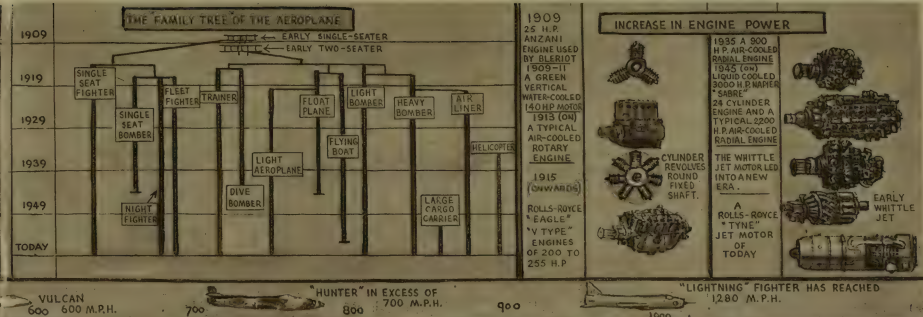
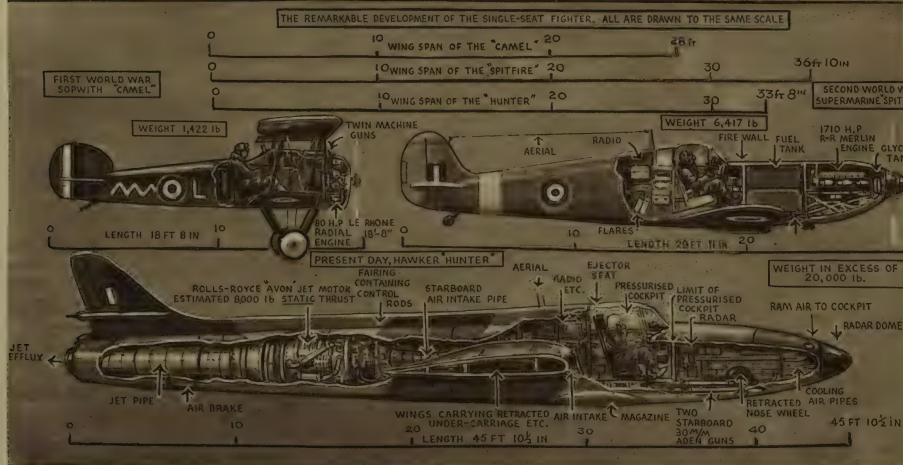
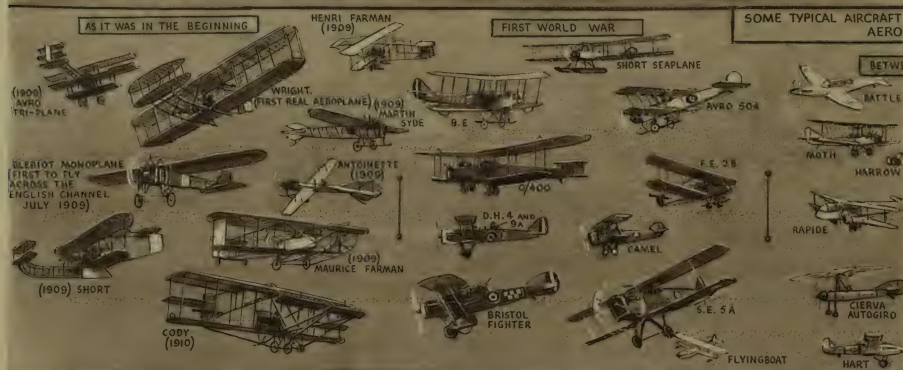
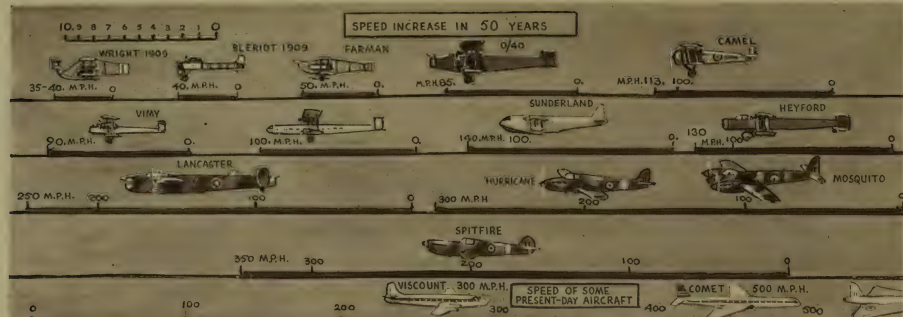
THE 20TH S.B.A.C. FARNBOROUGH SHOW: A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.



HAWKER HUNTERS FLYING OVERHEAD AT THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS' FARNBOROUGH SHOW: A DRAMATIC FLY-PAST SEEN FROM THE PRESIDENT'S STAND.

The Society of British Aircraft Constructors Flying Display and Exhibition, which is now in its twentieth year, grows in importance annually not only for the prestige reason that it is the largest show of its kind in the world, but also because of its value as a shop window for British aviation. In the first seven months of this year, the aircraft industry exported a record £100,000,000 worth of aircraft, aero engines, parts and components. This gives some idea of the importance of the industry not only to the defence of the country but also to the maintenance of a thriving economy. In few other fields of production,

however, are these two aspects so closely connected and at Farnborough can be seen civil airliners like the *Dart Herald* and the Armstrong Whitworth *Argosy* taking part in the same flying display as the service aircraft and helicopters. The defence and export value of guided missiles could also be studied at this year's Farnborough. They ranged from the towering form of *Black Knight* to the naval *Short Seacat* and they attracted the special attention of visitors of all countries. In this picture can be seen the "Black Arrows," sixteen Hawker *Hunters* of 111 Squadron, flying in formation.



FROM BLERIOT'S FRAGILE CRAFT TO THE SUPERSONIC FIGHTERS OF FARNBOROUGH: THE AMAZING DEVELOPMENT OF THE AIRCRAFT OVER THE PAST HALF-CENTURY.

Although the Wright brothers had flown some years earlier and although such British pioneers as A. V. Roe, Handley-Page, and Cody had already been heard at work, the year 1909 is generally recognised as the real beginning of aviation in Britain. In this momentous year, the first crossing of the Channel in an aeroplane was carried out by Louis Blériot in a monoplane of his own design, which weighed only 660 lb. Propelled by his little 25-h.p. Anzani engine, he made the crossing on July 25 from France to England in just over half-an-hour, to win the £1000 prize offered by the Daily Mail. The epic

flight was commemorated in this year's exciting competition. In the same year J. J. C. Moore-Brabazon (now Lord Brabazon) won the Michelin Cup for the longest flight by a British pilot. The year 1910 was outstanding for the great duel between C. Grahame-White and L. Faulhan in the London-Manchester race. Hendon Aerodrome, which opened in October 1910, became one of London's show-places, where many famous early pilots (most of them French) astonished the crowds with their feats. The coming of the First World War naturally gave great impetus to the development of flying, and many fighters

and bombers which had seen service in hostile skies were put to more peaceful uses, being converted for regular passenger flights. Among the famous craft of this period was the four-engine Handley-Page biplane. Between the two world wars, the Royal Air Force was continuing to develop its fighters and in the decisive Battle of Britain our smaller but more manoeuvrable aircraft triumphed over the apparently invincible Luftwaffe. The first half of this century—but a brief period in the history of man—has seen the phenomenal development of the flying machine, from Blériot's fragile monoplane, capable

of only 40 m.p.h., to the great turbo-prop and turbo-jet airliners of to-day. Aircraft can now climb to heights of over 50,000 ft., while Blériot could reach only 100 ft. Indeed, since the year of Blériot's crossing, aircraft have changed beyond all recognition, not only in speed and size, but in design. It is a far cry from the Wright craft of 1909 to the sleek, silver jet airliner of the 1950's. Perhaps the airline of the future will carry its passengers at 5000 m.p.h., making present-day craft as out of date as Blériot's: all things are possible in the dazzling advance of flight.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.A.A.

THE BRITISH AIR INDUSTRY AT HOME TO BRILLIANT AND THRILLING



THE BRISTOL TYPE 192 DEMONSTRATING ITS VERSATILITY: THE HELICOPTER NOW IN PRODUCTION FOR THE R.A.F., TRANSPORTING A BRISTOL/FERRANTI BLOODHOUND.



SIX WESTLAND HELICOPTERS HOVERING IN FORMATION: THE REMARKABLE SIGHT AS THESE AIRCRAFT CAME TO MAKE THEIR "BOW" BEFORE THE PRESIDENT'S TENT.



THE VULCAN B. MARK 2 FLYING OVERHEAD DURING THE AFTERNOON DISPLAY. THIS BOMBER HAS CARRIED OUT MANY HIGH-SPEED LONG-DISTANCE FLIGHTS.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE AIRCRAFT EXHIBITED ON THE RUNWAY: THE CROWDS OF VISITORS POURING AROUND EVERY AIRCRAFT FROM THE VULCAN TO THE WESTLAND HELICOPTERS.



THE SHORT S.C.1 VERTICAL TAKE-OFF RESEARCH JET PLANE: THIS IMPORTANT NEW AIRCRAFT WAS GIVEN ITS FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION.

These pictures of the flying displays, the static exhibitions both of aircraft and of their component industries, and of the crowds that flock every year there, give something of the atmosphere that is created at Farnborough by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Annual Show. Since Farnborough is intended to be the show-place for British aircraft and the related industries,



THE GLEAMING BODY OF THE HAWKER HUNTER SURROUNDED BY THE VARIOUS UNDER-WING ARMAMENT SHE IS CAPABLE OF CARRYING.

it is very much the place for the finished product and the tried and practical article for sale. However, demonstrating the possibilities of the future were the Saunders-Roe *Hovercraft* and the Short S.C.1 vertical take-off jet plane. There was a record number of 376 exhibits this year and our picture above, showing the model of the *Rotodyne*, gives an indication of the care and taste

Specially photographed for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone

THE WORLD: SCENES AT THIS YEAR'S FARNBOROUGH AIR SHOW.



AN AMAZINGLY LIFE-LIKE MODEL OF THE ROTODYNE, SHOWING ITS FREIGHTER, CIVIL PASSENGER AND MILITARY CAPABILITIES: ONE OF THE RECORD NUMBER OF EXHIBITS IN THE EXHIBITION HALL.



POURING AROUND EVERY AIRCRAFT FROM THE VULCAN TO THE WESTLAND HELICOPTERS.



WORKING PARTS OF A BLOODHOUND BEING EXPLAINED TO ONLOOKERS: ONE OF THE MANY WAYS IN WHICH FARNBOROUGH IS PUT OVER TO VISITORS.

that went into presenting the products in the vast exhibition hall. The Farnborough day was divided into the morning for inspecting the aircraft, drawn up on the runway for the static exhibition, and the afternoon for watching the flying display. The most dazzling points of the display were the demonstrations by the R.A.F. and the Royal Navy with their *Hawker Hunters* and



A VIEW FROM THE STATIC EXHIBITION SHOWING SOME OF THE COUNTLESS MACHINES AND PRODUCTS NECESSARY TO KEEP THE AIRCRAFT FLYING.



THE DE HAVILLAND SEA VIXEN COMING IN TO LAND. THIS NAVAL ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER WAS THE FIRST BRITISH FIGHTER TO DISPOSE WITH GUN ARMAMENT.



VISITORS CROWDING TO LOOK UNDERNEATH A VICKERS VANGUARD: A SCENE TYPICAL OF THE KEEN INTEREST FARNBOROUGH EVOKES.

Scimitars respectively. Jets dominated amongst the thirty aircraft in the flying and only six of them had piston engines. Three new airliners made their appearance in the Vickers *Vanguard*, the Armstrong Whitworth *Argosy* and the de Havilland *Comet B4*. Many of the aircraft that took part in the afternoon flying displays were shown in our issue of September 12.

Press Agency Ltd., with the exception of the Westland helicopters and the Vulcan.

NOTABLE VISITORS TO THIS YEAR'S FARNBOROUGH AIR SHOW: SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE AVIATION WORLD, THE SERVICES, AND FROM OVERSEAS.



OFFICERS OF THE U.S. NAVY INSPECTING A SEA VIXEN AND ITS PROJECTILES: ONE OF MANY OVERSEAS SERVICE DEPUTATIONS VISITING THE SHOW.



ADMIRING THE HOVERCRAFT, BRIGADIER-GENERAL TOOFMAIN AND COLONEL NADJAIMANI OF IRAN. THE AUSTRALIAN HAS BEEN CHOSEN FOR THE PERSIAN NATIONAL FLYING SCHOOL.



OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH AIR FORCE STANDING BEFORE A FULCAN. THERE WAS A RECORD ATTENDANCE OF FOREIGN VISITORS AT FARNBOROUGH THIS YEAR.

FARNBOROUGH acquires an extremely cosmopolitan air through its being the largest air show of its kind in the world. Its stands and displays are flocked with buyers and potential buyers from many countries. The "caravans" or tented chalets that are set up on the hill overlooking the runway by British aviation firms, are packed with salesmen and their customers and some of the most important deals of the year may have their origin in the meetings that take place there. Here we give a wide selection of the people, from the aviation world, and from British and foreign Services who came to Farnborough with a practical purpose. Sweden, who sent a large Parliamentary group of observers, has already ordered the Bloodhound as part of her defence programme. [Continued opposite.



THE SWEDISH PARLIAMENTARY GROUP, WITH THE ROTODYNE IN THE BACKGROUND. SWEDEN HAS ALREADY ORDERED THE BLOODHOUND MISSILE FOR HER DEFENCES.



GENERAL T. WHITE, U.S. CHIEF OF AIR STAFF, AND MR. JAMES WARD, THE MINISTER FOR AIR, TALKING TO SIR DERMOT BOYLE, SEATED IN THE HOVERCRAFT.



WATCHING THE FLYING DISPLAY (LEFT TO RIGHT): AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR DERMOT BOYLE, GENERAL WHITE, EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA AND PRINCE JUAN CARLOS OF SPAIN.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware.



VICE-ADMIRAL C. L. G. EVANS, R.A., LOOKING AT A BLACKBURN NA.39. ORDERS HAVE BEEN PLACED BY THE ADMIRALTY FOR THIS NAVAL STRIKE AIRCRAFT.



LOOKING AT A BLOODHOUND: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. CHARLES GIBBS-SMITH, THE AERONAUTICAL HISTORIAN, MR. H. CARY AND MR. L. G. FAIRHURST.



LORD TEDDER (LEFT) BEING SHOWN ROUND THE AIRCRAFT ON THE RUNWAY. HE WAS ONE OF MANY NOTABLE SERVICE PERSONALITIES AT THE SHOW.

[Continued] The Hawker Hunters have already earned for this country about £200 million in foreign currency. The Folland Gnat Mk. 1 is in production for India and Finland. These are only examples of the demand for British aircraft that Farnborough, by the size and spread of its display, helps to increase. Also it is the place where the users of the aircraft, men from both the Services and the civil airlines, can meet the manufacturers. Neither in size nor in the number of people that it attracts does Farnborough show any signs of decreasing in prestige or the value of the task it sets out to perform. There was a record attendance of visitors from abroad this year, and they were able to benefit from the brilliant weather that enabled the aircraft to be seen and flown to their best advantage.



THE PRESIDENT OF THIS YEAR'S S.B.A.C. SHOW, SIR AUBREY BURKE (RIGHT) OF DE HAVILLANDS, WITH THE VICE-PRESIDENT, SIR GEORGE DOWTY.



AVIATION AND SERVICE VISITORS TO THE SHOW: SIR FREDERICK HANDLEY PAGE (RIGHT) AND GENERAL LEON JOHNSON, U.S. AIR DEPUTY OF S.H.A.E.F.



SPECTATORS FROM THE MIDDLE EAST WATCHING THE FLYING DISPLAY: H.E. SHEIKH MOHAMED BIN SULIMAN (LEFT) AND AL HAJI MOHAMED KHARUN.

Keynote Press Agency Ltd., with the exception of the extreme bottom left photograph.



ONE does not hear a great deal about Welsh porcelain east of the Bristol Channel, which is, I dare say, one more example of English brutality towards oppressed peoples. The main reason is that the manufacture was carried on for a very short time and not during the experimental and exciting years of the industry—that is, the mid-18th century—but only between 1813 and about 1820. A second is that the output was confined to tableware, mostly plates, and with none of the amusing and often brilliant figures and birds and

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

NANTGARW AND SWANSEA.

down within a year; their porcelain was too delicate and there were enormous losses in firing. None the less, it was fine porcelain when it survived, and—though the whole story is a lengthy one—attracted the attention of L. W. Dillwyn, the owner of the Cambrian Earthenware Pottery. Dillwyn, who was no potter but, through his wife, a local landowner, provided the capital and plant for making porcelain next door to his Earthenware Pottery at Swansea with Billingsley and Walker as his partners—and was astounded one day to receive a letter from Worcester pointing out, very politely, that the two were breaking their agreement by making porcelain for him. Years afterwards he said that it was not worth while for the Worcester firm to prosecute; the two "runaways," as he called them, went back to Nantgarw for a few months and he did not know what became of them after that. Billingsley and Walker seem to have remained at Nantgarw until 1820, when the former left to work for Rose at Coalport, where he died in 1828, while Walker emigrated to the United States.

I find this a sad tale—hard work, bright hopes, failure after failure—and, of course, the inevitable irony of the price of a dozen plates a century-and-a-half later, sufficient to have financed the enterprise in 1813 for months. In 1817 Dillwyn, now busy managing his wife's inheritance (she was the adopted daughter of a local landowner) and probably bored with pots, whether of earthenware or of porcelain, leased his works to others and the earthenware side of the business remained in being until 1920. But porcelain was not made at either place after these brief experiments, so that it is not surprising that it is rare to-day. Quite apart from surviving services there is plenty of evidence that Billingsley set out to compete with Sèvres. There is a letter to the Wedgwood firm from Walker claiming that he could make as fine porcelain as the French, and a memorial to the Government from the two partners in which they say: "It is now many years since France has taken the lead in the manufacture of porcelain . . . they have at length succeeded in making a porcelain equal in every respect to the French," and they

decorated with a pair of exotic pheasants which appear in the sketchbook of one of the best known of these West Country decorators, Thomas Pardoe, of Bristol, whose son, William Henry Pardoe, took over the Cambrian Earthenware firm about 1835. Fig. 2 is of a plate—also from Nantgarw—but one of those sent to London to be painted, in this case by James Plant. A garland of flowers in various colours frames the child holding a pink rose, and the border is composed of groups of three pink roses on a gilt stippled ground. There is a certain pretty naivety about each of these plates, though I don't think they can be labelled as specially distinguished. The three pieces, though, of Fig. 3—which are part of the very rare dessert service sold recently at Christie's by Lord Exeter—can, I think, hold their own with anything made elsewhere



A NANTGARW PLATE PAINTED WITH A PAIR OF EXOTIC PHEASANTS BY THOMAS PARDOE, OF BRISTOL. THIS IS ONE OF THE STOCK LEFT IN THE WHITE AFTER BOTH SWANSEA AND NANTGARW CLOSED DOWN THAT WERE DECORATED ELSEWHERE. (Diameter 9½ ins.)
Photograph by courtesy of Sotheby's.

animals which provide so gay an air of nursery enchantment to the myriad productions of European 18th-century factories. A third is that the efforts of both Nantgarw and Swansea, which, for reasons which will presently appear, must be considered together, were directed to copying French porcelain rather than devising something original; and the style of French Empire Sèvres is by no means the finest of that remarkable tradition.

At the same time, one has to note that any production of porcelain at all in South Wales was due to an Englishman, William Billingsley, who, with his son-in-law Samuel Walker, came to Nantgarw in 1813. Billingsley was one of those able wandering technicians familiar enough in the story of the pottery industry all over Europe, who, while good workmen, lacked the judgment necessary for successful management. He made his reputation as a flower-painter at Derby, leaving there in 1796. After a spell of management, first at Pinxton, in Northants, and then at Torksey, just over the border in Lincolnshire—neither venture was financially successful—he obtained employment at the Royal Worcester factory and remained there from 1808 until 1813. He was evidently a restless never-say-die character, for he left Worcester for Wales with his son-in-law and his two daughters after signing an agreement with the firm (at that period, Flight, Barr and Barr) not to manufacture porcelain by their secret process, evolved presumably at Worcester, for anyone else.

The two set up for themselves in the little village of Nantgarw and were compelled to close



ANOTHER PLATE FROM NANTGARW, THE SMALL AND BRILLIANT FACTORY THAT HAD TO CLOSE DOWN WITHIN A YEAR OF ITS STARTING IN 1813. THIS EXAMPLE WAS SENT TO LONDON AND THERE PAINTED BY JAMES PLANT. (Diameter, 9½ ins.)
Photograph by courtesy of Sotheby's.



THREE PIECES OF A VERY RARE SWANSEA DESSERT SERVICE THAT WERE SOLD RECENTLY AT CHRISTIE'S BY LORD EXETER. FRANK DAVIS SAYS OF THEM THAT THEY WELL JUSTIFY THEIR MAKERS' CLAIMS THAT THEY COULD EQUAL SEVRES. (Diameter of plate, 9½ ins.)
Photograph by courtesy of Christie's.

go on to suggest that it would be good policy for the Government to order a service to present to someone of importance in France just as the French Government made presents of Sèvres to its guests. They also ask for a duty on imports.

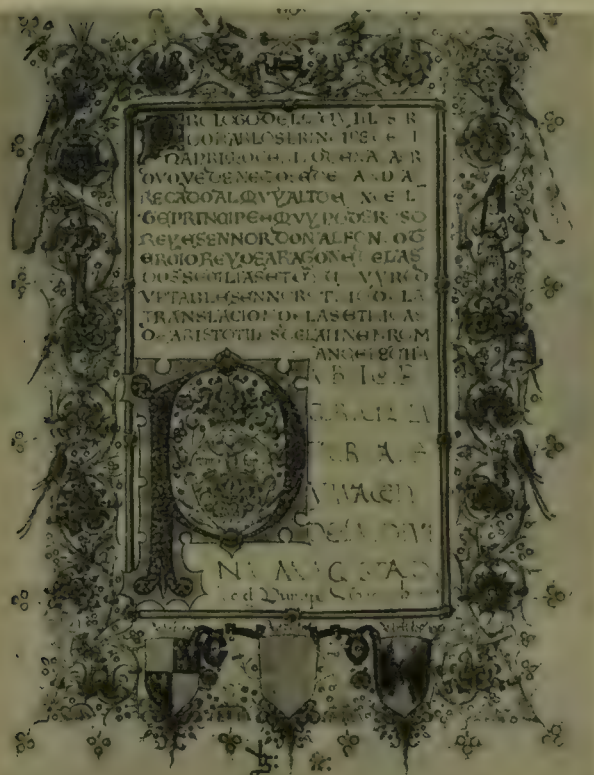
The study of the output of the two little factories is complicated by the following circumstances. A great deal of their output (no unusual thing at the time) was sold in the white to the London decorators and, after manufacture ceased, much of the stock was sold—still in the white—and decorated by local painters, some of whom had been employed by Dillwyn. It has been estimated that the stock left in the white after both Swansea and Nantgarw closed down, might have been sufficient to last local decorators for about ten years. One such plate is illustrated in Fig. 1, with the usual impressed mark Nantgarw,

at that time both in form and decoration. They are from the Swansea kilns and well justify the claims made by Billingsley and Walker that they could now equal Sèvres—claims, which, through their customers, London firms such as Mortlocks, they managed to get publicised in the London dailies in 1816. Thus, the *London Courier*—"The Sèvre China Manufacture has now Competition"; and the *Morning Chronicle*—"Improvement in Porcelaine has succeeded in this country beyond the most sanguine expectations, etc., etc."

One can write this off as the customary blah-blah of the editorial puff of the time, but there was reason behind it; however, as Dillwyn was quick to realise, with a kiln wastage estimated to be as high as 90 per cent., it was not possible to compete with established firms like Wedgwood and Spode and

Worcester with their wide range of products and sound technical know-how. The mark is generally Swansea impressed and the body is described as duck-egg—that is from its faint green tint. In 1817 a trident mark was in use, and a good deal of this was left over in the white to be painted at leisure by the local decorators who, when the supply ran out, bought porcelain from elsewhere and decorated it in their accustomed Swansea manner; yet another entertaining hazard for the specialist collector. Apart from flower and figure decoration, there are numerous plates painted with local views within the familiar rosebud border. Very naturally there is a fine collection of the porcelain from both factories in the National Museum of Wales. Detailed reference works are by Morton Nance and, more recently, W. D. John, but, as far as I know, there is no simple nursery guide to a subject which may be narrow but is, none the less, quite complicated.

FROM CLASSICAL MSS. MINIATURES TO A DOUBLE PORTRAIT BY JORDAENS.



THE TITLE PAGE OF A 15TH-CENTURY SPANISH TRANSLATION OF ARISTOTLE'S "ETHICS," ON VELLUM BORDERED BY THE ARMS OF ARAGON, NAVARRE AND SICILY. THIS IS ONE OF THE FASCINATING ITEMS NOW ON SHOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM CLASSICAL EXHIBITION.

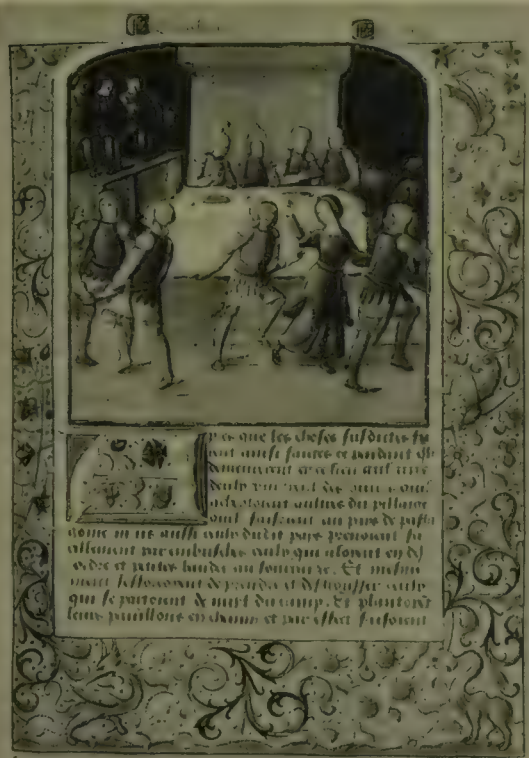
"THE PELICAN IN HER PIETY": A REMARKABLE ENGLISH DELFTWARE FIGURE DATED 1651. THIS IS ONE OF THREE RECENT ACQUISITIONS BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM SHOWN HERE AND IS THE EARLIEST DATED FIGURE OF AN ANIMAL IN ENGLISH CERAMICS.

ONE of the most interesting exhibitions of its kind ever to be seen is the Exhibition of Classical Manuscripts and Printed Books in the King's Library of the British Museum which was prepared in conjunction with the Third International Congress of Classical Studies and is open till October 12. The exhibits illustrate both the history of scholarship as applied to the texts of classical authors, and also editions that are more famous as examples of book production than for their textual value. They range from the unique manuscript of Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens" and other papyrus to the great Renaissance printed editions, and on, up to our own day, to notable works of scholarship. The MS. miniatures that are shown here come from late mediæval translations into the vernacular that transmitted classical tales and knowledge. Also being shown at the British Museum in the Edward VII Gallery are the new acquisitions, three of which, "The Pelican in her Piety," [Continued opposite.



"ACHILLES BRINGING CALCHAS TO AGAMEMNON," FROM THE "HISTORIA TROIANA," A FRENCH EARLY-15TH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT. A MEDIÆVALISED VERSION OF THE TROJAN WAR.

WORKS ON SHOW AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



"GREEKS MAKE MERRY," A MINIATURE FROM XENOPHON'S ANABASIS (1508-1509). THIS COPY WAS GIVEN BY THE TRANSLATOR SEYSELLES, BISHOP OF MARSEILLES, TO HENRY VIII. THESE MANUSCRIPTS SHOW CLASSICAL THOUGHT WORKING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

A TUDOR GOLD-ENAMELLED CHAIN, A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF MID-16TH-CENTURY ENGLISH WORK THAT HAS BEEN PURCHASED FOR THE MUSEUM WITH FUNDS GIVEN BY THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GOLDSMITHS.



"AARON'S RODS CHANGING INTO SERPENTS BEFORE PHARAOH": A FRENCH MAIOLICA DISH MADE IN LYONS IN 1582. THIS ACQUISITION FOR THE MUSEUM IS THE ONLY PIECE OF FRENCH MAIOLICA WHOSE PLACE OF ORIGIN IS BEYOND DISPUTE. (Diameter: 16½ ins.)

[Continued.] eleven links of a Tudor gold chain, and a French maiolica dish can be seen here. A very rare English 13th-century gold pendant engraved with scenes of the Crucifixion and the Virgin and Child is also a very welcome addition. A Liverpool mug dated 1761 and an early Meissen plate of about 1735 have been presented recently. Room VII at the National Gallery, which is devoted to the great 17th-century Flemish painters, now contains the magnificent Jordaens double portrait fresh from its recent cleaning. It was acquired from the Duke of Devonshire under the terms of the Finance Act 1956.

(Left) "PORTRAIT OF A MAN AND WOMAN," BY JACOB JORDAENS (1593-1678). A MAGNIFICENT FLEMISH PORTRAIT THAT THE NATIONAL GALLERY ACQUIRED UNDER THE CHATSWORTH SETTLEMENT AND WHICH IS NOW SHOWN AFTER CLEANING. (Oil on canvas: 84 by 74 ins.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WHEN CATS THINK ABOUT US.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

DURING the last ten years I have received between 4000 and 5000 letters from readers of this page. The subjects covered are varied, but there is one that seems to be the popular favourite: it is the intelligence of cats and dogs. This is natural, since these are the pets that live most closely to us. There is, however, another reason for it, I would say. Taken as a whole, these letters represent a reaction to the low estimate of animal mentality reached by the experts. To put this in plainer terms, if we ask whether animals can think, the experts are apt to say "No" and the owners of pets usually give a confident "Yes."

Within this context I would like to quote from a letter from Mrs. R. Gould, of New Zealand:

A starved, beaten-up kitten about four months old (striped tabby with long black ear-tufts) took refuge in our house and stayed. Inside a week she had learned to reach up to and rattle the low-set door-handles in order to be let into or out of the room (1). In another month she began running to the front door at the sound of the knocker to inspect the visitor, and very soon, having noticed (2) that human beings greet each other with vocal noises, began uttering squeaks to people she knew and liked, and appeared to enjoy a party thoroughly (3). When we moved to a modern house, where the door-handles were out of reach, it took her only three days to start scratching at the door and she still does this (4), although her daughter, at the age of two, discovered that the living-room door only was on a ball-catch. She learned to slide her paws under the door and, gripping the carpet with her claws, burst the door open by pushing with her chest (5).

The mother, at the age of four and when we had acquired a telephone, developed a curious foreknowledge: a split-second before the telephone rings she jumps off my lap as if stung (6). Members of touring theatrical companies often stay here. The cat took a strong liking to an actor who stayed in the house about three times a year. She always slept on his bed and after a time appeared to know of his impending arrival and would be on his bed to greet him with squeaks and purrs (7).

A young actress was another of her friends, but did not visit this city for two years. Last week she came again. The cat sniffed her suitcase attentively, ignored the others, and went up to her usual room to await her arrival, greeting her, when later she arrived, with every sign of pleasure and recognition (8).

There are eight distinct points in this account of the two cats, which I have numbered, to deal with them separately.

(1) Rattling door-handles, or ringing bells, to be let in or out is a feature of the behaviour of some cats. I have met this not infrequently. It may be that cats sometimes learn to do this initially by accident, but from the instances I have examined personally this trick suggests more probably the ability to link cause with effect.

(2) To say that the cat had "noticed" how human beings greeted each other is a wide assumption.

(3) The vocal greeting, and the going to the door at the arrival of a visitor, is more a canine trait, so clearly this cat was somewhat unusual, or had a pronounced individuality.

(4) The scratching at the door is merely a modification of the act of knocking at the door using the door-handle, and probably does not imply anything more than this.

(5) This method of opening a door fastened with a ball-catch cannot have been learned accidentally, and suggests an appreciation of the laws of mechanics, however rudimentary.

(6) It is probably the case that the ringing of a telephone bell audible to our ears is preceded by a sound above the range of human hearing. This might be audible to a cat whose ears function best for sounds above our range. Certainly there is no evidence here for pre-cognition.

(7) This, if correct, suggests pre-cognition.

(8) This is, perhaps, the most convincing evidence of the cat's ability to link cause with effect, or to reason with a situation. The action of going to a room to await a person whose suitcase it has just smelled may be called a conditioned reflex, but this would be to over-simplify, surely.

In such an account of the behaviour of two animals we have, of course, to take it on trust that the writer has observed the actions carefully and has not over-drawn the picture.

That is true for any such anecdotal evidence. However, we do not have to rely solely on verbal accounts of this kind, for they can be supported by everyday observations of our own, and Mrs. Gould's letter can be accepted because it accords with common and general observation. I would cite here the case of a young female dog living in my own house. I propose to label this animal A, since it is so often implied in the writings of behaviourists that to call animals by name suggests a subjective approach.

The female dog A was in the habit of quietly sneaking away to eat the food put down on a path, at the other end of the garden, for the hens. As a result, when the hens were being fed she was put

door with the presence of the food beyond it. We tested the dog several times for this, each time altering the way in which she was given her liberty. For example, the next time a door was opened leading into the house, and the only way A could reach the garden was by going through three rooms and finally through a door opening on the other side of the house. The result was always the same, even although the period of her imprisonment was varied, as well as the route she must take.

Then there was the occasion when A was in the garden with two other dogs, B and C. Invariably, when someone came to the garden gate, all three dogs, A, B and C, would leave whatever each was doing, rush headlong to the gate, and bark furiously at whomever was entering. On this occasion, A was biting a bone when a stranger appeared at the gate, B was sitting by her trying every now and then to take it from her. It was left to C to raise the alarm. All three rushed headlong across the lawn as usual, a distance of perhaps a hundred yards. Half-way across, B suddenly stopped dead in his tracks, stood for a moment watching the others, as if uncertain whether to follow or not, then turned around and raced back to the bone.

It would be possible to say that in both these instances memory alone could be responsible for the chain of actions, as with the episode (8) in the adventures of Mrs. Gould's cat. In the second of the two dog incidents, however, we have to offset memory by the fact that all three dogs, including B, were at that moment actuated by a stimulus which normally took their attention off everything else. All three dogs have been scolded for this trick of barking at strangers. They have been ordered not to bark, and every trick that one normally uses to divert a dog from a particular line of action has been tried but without avail. The memory of a previous scolding or word of command is not sufficient, but the memory of a coveted piece of food was sufficient to deflect

one dog, but only the one that had coveted it. Again, if human beings had been engaged in a comparable situation, the human counterpart of B would be said to have thought suddenly, "Now's my chance to get the bone."

How far are we justified in making these vague comparisons with human actions? To do so is fundamentally unscientific, in the accepted sense of this word. Yet it seems that we cannot be far from the truth in basing our deductions on first principles. Thus, there can be no thought-process without memory, for thinking is only the re-sorting of experiences remembered. Even conceptual thought or imaginative flights are not possible without memory, and it is in the use of these mainly that we are supposed to

differ from animals, unless we suppose it possible to draw upon sources outside the body and independent of the primary senses. Moreover, when we speak of man being capable of conscious thought we largely delude ourselves by the use of words. We may make a conscious effort to think, but the thoughts then evoked usually, if not always, take control of us. And the best ideas come "when we are not thinking about it." In other words, when the brain re-shuffles remembered experiences.

If memory is the basis of thought, then the least we can say is that memory, in some form or other, is a guiding influence in all animal behaviour, from top to bottom of the animal kingdom. Too often the mistake is made of not distinguishing between thought and the ability to analyse thought. There is no reason to suppose that the higher animals cannot think, nor to suppose that their thought-process differs fundamentally from our own. It is, however, unlikely that any but the human has the ability to analyse or comment upon thoughts or actions.



LIKE THE OLD COUNTRYMAN, CATS "SOMETIMES SITS." DO THEY SOMETIMES "SITS AND THINKS"? IT IS DIFFICULT TO LIVE WITH A CAT AND NOT SUSPECT IT CAPABLE OF WORKING OUT SIMPLE PLANS TO MAKE LIVING MORE COMFORTABLE.



THE DOGS "SUBJECT A" (LEFT) AND "SUBJECT B," WHOSE BEHAVIOUR DR. BURTON DISCUSSES IN DEALING WITH THE THOUGHT- AND MEMORY-PROCESSES OF CATS AND DOGS. Photographs by Jane Burton.

into the kitchen and the door securely shut. The first time this happened she settled down after a while to sleep. Then, at the end of an hour, the door was opened to give her freedom of movement once more. Immediately the handle of the door started to turn she leapt to her feet, ran to the door, and when this was opened she ran out into the garden to where the hen's food had been put down.

We may say this is no more than memory at work. We may call it by anything we will, but the fact remains that memory of somebody seen going out of the house with food for the hens had remained, that it had lasted for an hour, and that immediately there were signs that the way was about to be opened to the place where the food was normally put down the dog took appropriate action to find it. If a human being did precisely the same thing we should say, without hesitation, that that person had been "thinking about it all the time."

There was no question of a conditioned reflex, or an association of the opening of that particular

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A WELL-KNOWN PAINTER: THE LATE MISS CATHLEEN MANN.
Miss Cathleen Mann (known as Mrs. J. R. Follett in private life), who died from an overdose of sleeping pills on September 9 at the age of sixty-two, was a leading portrait painter, as well as being outstanding for her landscapes and floral studies. In 1926 she married the 11th Marquis of Queensberry; the marriage was dissolved in 1946.



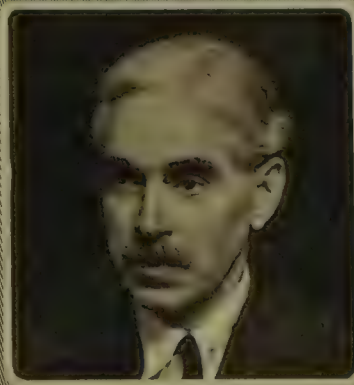
AN OXFORD PRINCIPAL: THE LATE MISS C. BURROWS.
Miss Christine Burrows, who died on September 11, aged eighty-seven, was Principal of St. Hilda's Hall (now College), Oxford, from 1910 to 1919. Her mother, Mrs. Esther Burrows, had been its first Principal. From 1921-1929 she was Principal of the Society of Oxford Home Students (now St. Anne's College).



DEATH OF A GAY WEST INDIAN CRICKETER: MR. "COLLIE" SMITH.
Mr. O. G. ("Collie") Smith, the West Indian Test cricketer, died on September 9, four days after a car crash near Stoke-on-Trent. One of the personalities of the game, he was twenty-six and had appeared in twenty-six Tests. He scored a century in his first Test against England, at Birmingham in 1957.



DEATH OF THE PREMIER OF QUEBEC: MR. M. DUPLESSIS.
Mr. Maurice Duplessis, the Premier of Quebec, died on September 7, aged 69. A French Canadian, he formed his own political party in 1936, the Union Nationale, and became the dominant figure in Quebec politics. Although a widely criticised man, he was chiefly responsible for the current prosperity of French Canada.



A FUEL EXPERT: THE LATE SIR A. EGERTON.
Sir Alfred Egerton, F.R.S., who died on September 7, aged seventy-two, was Professor of Chemical Technology in the Imperial College of Science from 1936 to 1952, and was famous for his research into fuel combustion. He was chairman of the Scientific Advisory Council to the Ministry of Fuel and Power from 1948 to 1953.



WINNER OF THE ITALIAN GRAND PRIX: MR. STIRLING MOSS.
On September 13 Stirling Moss considerably improved his chances of winning the World Championship by winning the Italian Grand Prix at Monza. Driving a Cooper-Climax, Stirling Moss brought his total from 17½ to 25½ points, and is only 5½ points behind J. Brabham, who came third in the race.



A RECORD-BREAKING CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMER.
Sr. Abilio Couto, a Brazilian lawyer, landed at Wissant, France, on September 10, at the end of a record-breaking cross-channel swim. His time was 12 hrs. 49 mins. 40 secs. The previous record was 13 hrs. 33 mins. The England-France crossing is reputed to be the more difficult.



IN HIS VILLA AT LENIN HILLS: MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND HIS FAMILY IN THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH RECEIVED FROM MOSCOW.
Seen with the Soviet Premier are: (front row, l. to r.) Julia, his granddaughter; Nikita, a grandson; Mrs. Khrushchev; (back row, l. to r.) Alexei Adzhubei, his son-in-law; his son, Sergei; Sergei's wife, Galina; his daughters Julia and Rada; and his grandson Alexei and his daughter Elena.



TO BE GOVERNOR OF KENYA: SIR PATRICK RENISON.
Sir Patrick Renison, the Governor of British Guiana, is to succeed Sir Evelyn Baring as Governor of Kenya. In 1952 Sir Patrick Renison was appointed Governor of British Honduras, a post he held until 1955. The new Governor has a fine reputation for his skill in gaining the co-operation of local leaders.



RECOVERED FROM ILLNESS: SIR EVELYN BARING.
Sir Evelyn Baring, the Governor of Kenya, who had been suffering from lung inflammation after rescuing a schoolgirl from drowning, recently made his first public appearance after his illness. He witnessed the signing of an agreement between Shell and B.P. for the building of a refinery near Mombasa.



MR. I. CHAYEN, WHO HAS DEVISED A METHOD OF EXTRACTING PROTEIN FROM PEANUTS.
Mr. I. H. Chayen has developed a new process for extracting edible protein from vegetable matter which, it is thought, will provide the answer to the problem of over-population and malnutrition. Mr. Chayen is seen here with a specimen of oil—a by-product of the process—derived from vegetable matter.



A GOLF CHAMPION AT 26 YEARS: THE PROMISING PLAYER, MR. D. SNELL.
The *News of the World* professional match play championship, held at Royal Birkdale, was won by twenty-six-year-old D. Snell (Workshop), who beat the holder, H. Weetman (Selsdon Park), in the 18-hole final by 3 and 2. Snell played a remarkable game. He has not before won a first-class tournament.



A CHAIRMAN OF CUNARD: THE LATE COLONEL D. H. BATES.
Colonel Denis Haughton Bates, M.C., who died on September 13 at the age of seventy-three, had been chairman of the Cunard Line since 1953, and was the third brother to hold this position. He joined the Cunard Board in 1941 and was appointed deputy chairman in 1947. He was also a director of the Port Line.



TO BE CHAIRMAN OF T.U.C.: MR. CLAUDE BARTLETT.
Mr. Claude Bartlett, President of the Confederation of Health Service Employees, was elected chairman for the coming year of the Trades Union Congress at the ninety-first meeting at Blackpool. Among the subjects discussed at this year's Congress were housing, take-over bids and "tax evasion of directors' expenses."

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED SKULL FROM OLDUVAI: FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE COMPLETE SKULL.

By Dr. L. S. B. LEAKEY, Curator of the Coryndon Museum, Nairobi.

In our last issue we published a news report and the first photographs of the upper jaw and teeth of a creature whom Dr. Leakey called "the oldest well-established stone tool-user ever found"; and whom he nicknamed "Nutcracker Man" from the extraordinarily massive molar teeth. Here we give Dr. Leakey's own account, together with the first photographs to be published of the whole of the skull.

READERS of *The Illustrated London News* will recall that last year (June 28, 1958) I reported the discovery of two giant-sized human milk teeth from an early Chellean living-floor at Olduvai Gorge. The teeth suggested that the early men who lived at Olduvai must have had permanent dentitions of huge dimensions, and I expressed hope that before long we would find further evidence in support of this view.

This year, when we went back to Olduvai, we decided to devote our time to exploring the lower part of the Olduvai series, i.e., Bed 1, (Fig. 5) in which in 1931-32 I had first found the evidence of a well-defined Pre-Chellean culture which I named Oldowan.

The Oldowan culture has since then been found almost all over the African continent in deposits of Lower Pleistocene age, and there is no doubt at all that it is in the direct line of cultural evolution leading to the Chellean-Acheul hand-axe culture. Indeed, as I reported last year, the earliest stage of the Chellean contained only a very low proportion of true hand-axes, and it is only just emerging from the Oldowan.

Our hope, this year, was to locate a real living-floor, or camp site, of the Oldowan culture, and then excavate it over the next few seasons.

Examination showed that not only had we got a unique skull, but that it was associated with a true living-floor of the Oldowan culture.

On that part of floor so far uncovered, we have already found typical tools; parts of a broken hammer stone and numerous waste flakes knocked off in making the Oldowan choppers. On the same floor were the broken-up bones of the animals which formed part of his diet, rodents, birds, snakes, frogs and immature larger animals.

Unlike the Chellean site which I described last year, there are no signs of the bones of the giant animals. We know that giant fauna was present during Bed 1 times, but it seems likely that Oldowan man was not yet a sufficiently skilled hunter to kill them. (It is, of course, possible that

But when the new skull is closely compared with the Swartkranz species known as *Paranthropus crassidens*, it is found that the differences are far more numerous—more significant than the resemblances.

Similarly, in a few characters the skull suggests *Australopithecus* (Figs. 7 and 8), as found by Dart at Taungs and Makapan, and by Brooms at Sterkfontein (where he first called them *Plesianthropus*).

Among characters which recall *Australopithecus* are the reduction of the third molars compared with the second, the very deep palate (*Paranthropus* has a shallow one), and the shape of the interior region of the occipital bone.

But despite these few similarities, with one or other of the South African "near-men," the detailed anatomy of the new skull makes it quite clear that it stands alone, although it is certainly related in the general sense to the *Australopithecines*.

A glance at the photograph will quickly reveal the following major differences.

First of all the face. In all those *Australopithecus* and *Paranthropus* skulls in which the facial region is preserved, we find a very curious structure in the region of the angle of the cheek bone (Figs. 7 and 8). There is a sort of "flying buttress" of bone that comes down from the molar-maxillary angle towards the bone covering the roots of the cheek teeth.

This architectural feature of the face is also found in gorilla and chimpanzee, and I have, in the past, expressed the view that its presence in the genera *Paranthropus* and *Australopithecus* rules them out from being ancestral to man.

The new skull has in this region a structure (Fig. 3) much more as in modern man and in *Pithecanthropus* (*sinanthropus*) *pekinensis*. In Neanderthal and Rhodesian man, on the other hand, a structure a bit like the *Australopithecus* is more often seen.

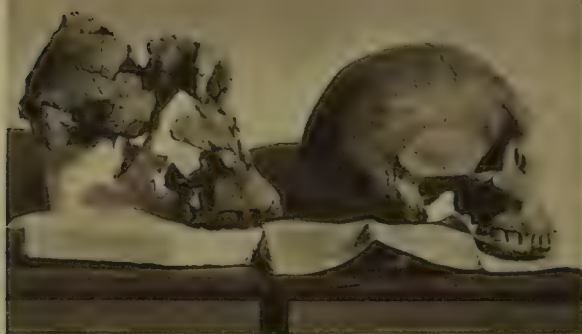


FIG. 2. THE NEW SKULL (LEFT) HERE SEEN IN PROFILE AND COMPARED WITH A MODERN SKULL.

Here the most remarkable feature is the formation of the frontal bone, the top of the forehead being not domed but concave (as in some baboons); but the interior surface is round and the frontal sinus is unique.

Naturally, we also hoped we might possibly find fossil human remains. These have eluded us at Olduvai, despite the great wealth of stone tools, and of well-preserved giant animal fossils.

On July 17, my wife went down to start the search of the slopes at Site FLK 1, leaving me in camp, unwell. At about 11 a.m., after three fruitless hours of back-breaking work on the cliff slopes, she was on the point of returning to the camp for a drink when she saw a small fragment of bone with skull texture.

Following up this clue, she located three teeth, lying with the grinding surface upwards and just eroding out of the cliff (Fig. 5). The teeth looked human, and she could scarcely believe her eyes. Quickly, she made a small cairn to mark the exact spot and came back to camp. My sickness vanished like magic, and I went with her back to the spot.

There was no doubt about it, the teeth were Hominid, and they looked a little like *Paranthropus* teeth, but much larger. It also looked as though the rest of the skull might well be there waiting to be unearthed. The necessity to delay any investigations until photographs had been taken of the site, exactly as it was when we found it, was most irksome. We wanted to start looking at once to see what the prize was, but we managed to restrain ourselves until the necessary photography was completed.

Then we started uncovering the bones with fine dental picks and brushes, and before long it was clear that almost the whole of the skull and face was there, but in a very broken-up state. Luckily, however, there was no sign of warping or distortion by earth pressure, only the cracking that results from expansion and contraction of bentonitic clay in which it was partly embedded. Gradually the whole skull was uncovered and taken back to camp.

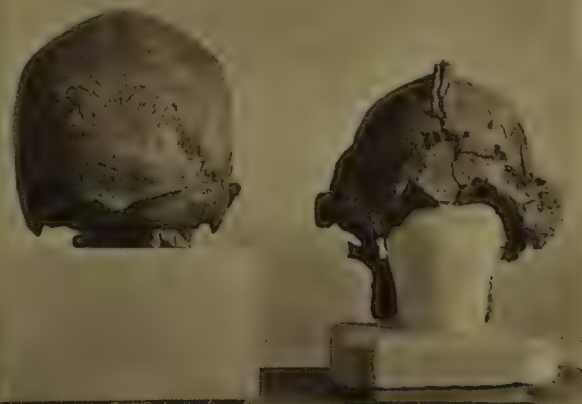


FIG. 1. THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED FOSSIL SKULL FROM OLDUVAI (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH A MODERN SKULL.

This back view shows several of the outstanding features to which Dr. Leakey refers in his article. (1) The sagittal crest, the up-standing bone process on the top of the skull. (2) The strongly marked "nuchal crest," the ridge of bone running between the mastoids at the back of the skull. And (3) the exceptionally large mastoids.

when we continue the excavation at this Oldowan living-floor, we may find that some adults of these giant animals are represented.)

The problem of what should be the definition of Man has always been difficult, but in recent years it has been generally agreed that we should use the definition of "Man—the toolmaker"; that is to say, a primate who actually takes objects and who so trims and alters them, to a set pattern, that he can be called a real tool-maker. That there



FIG. 4. THE FOSSIL PALATE—TO SHOW THE TRULY REMARKABLE STRUCTURE OF THE TEETH.

This photograph is repeated from our previous reporting of this discovery for the convenience of our readers, to show the massive molars and pre-molars and the straight line of the incisors and canines.

was an intermediate stage when he was the regular user of natural objects seems also pretty certain. The Oldowan culture tool types are so distinctive that the maker of them must rank quite definitely as a stone tool-maker. Thus our new skull represents a "man" according to this definition.

Having established this, we were led to look at him more closely. Does he fit in with our concept of what a man should look like? The answer is "Hardly."

At first sight, this new skull very strongly recalls the "ape-men" (or "near-men" as I prefer to call them) that Broom and Robinson found at Swartkranz, in the Transvaal. The palate has huge molars and pre-molars and much reduced canines and incisors (Fig. 4). There is a ridge of bone, or sagittal crest, along the top centre of the skull (Fig. 1), the front teeth of the palate are arranged in almost a straight line.



FIG. 3. THE FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW SKULL (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH A MODERN HUMAN SKULL.

Here the interesting features are: the region of the cheek bones, which, although more massive, are more after the nature of human cheekbones than in *Paranthropus* and gorilla; and the straight line of the front teeth.

Next take the teeth and the palate (Fig. 4). *Paranthropus* shows a reduction of the incisors and canines, and a complete loss of a diastema, while *Australopithecus* has somewhat larger canines and incisors, but is tending towards *Homo* in the reduction of the third molars. The new skull exhibits both these characters. The incisors and canines are also relatively even more reduced than in *Paranthropus*, while the third molars are also reduced.

Although both *Paranthropus* and *Australopithecus* show incipient mastoids (small mastoid processes occur, occasionally, in gorillas), neither has anything comparable to the mastoids of the new skull (Fig. 1). Indeed, even *Pithecanthropus* (as seen in the Pekin skulls) has not got such large mastoids. In *Australopithecus*, the head is set upon the neck in a much more horizontal manner than in any apes, and, indeed, very much as in man, showing that *Australopithecus* walked upright. In the new skull, the position of the cordyles for the articular for the neck is even more like *Homo*.

On the other hand, the new skull also has features which do not occur in any *Australopithecus* or *Paranthropus*, but which also do not seem to occur in any other Hominid. There is, for example, a very marked "nuchal crest" (Figs. 1 and 10), or rough ridge of bone, running across the occipital from mastoid to mastoid. This ridge serves the purpose of attachment for neck muscles. In *Paranthropus*, there is a broken ridge, and in *Pithecanthropus* a suggestion of a ridge, but nothing like this. Indeed, in the new skull the nuchal crest has a shape which I have never seen before in any primate.

Similarly, the formation of the frontal bone (Fig. 2) is very strange, on the one hand the top of the forehead itself is not domed but concave,

[Continued opposite.

UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF "NUTCRACKER MAN," COMPARED WITH GORILLA AND AUSTRALOPITHECUS



FIG. 5. DR. LEAKEY SHOWING THE STRATA OF THE EXCAVATION. THE "LIVING FLOOR" LIES AT THE JUNCTION OF THE LIGHT-COLOURED ROCK WITH THE DARK CLAY BELT AT THE BOTTOM.



FIG. 6. THE EXCAVATIONS AT THE NEW SKULL SITE. DR. LEAKEY, ABOVE, IS STANDING ON THE TOP HORIZON OF BED 1, THE MAN BELOW AT THE POINT WHERE THE ERODED FRAGMENT WAS FOUND.



FIG. 7. THE NEW SKULL (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH A CAST OF AN AUSTRALOPITHECUS FROM STERKFONTAIN—A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS SEVERAL STRIKING DIFFERENCES.



FIG. 8. THE FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW SKULL (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH THE AUSTRALOPITHECUS CAST. THIS CLEARLY SHOWS THE DIFFERENT TYPE OF CHEEK BONE.



FIG. 9. "NUTCRACKER MAN" (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH A GORILLA TO SHOW SIMILARITIES AND DISTINCTIONS. BOTH, IT WILL BE NOTICED, HAVE THE SAGITTAL CREST. (SEE ALSO FIG. 1.)
Continued.]
much as can be seen in some baboons, but the inner surface is round and there is a frontal sinus of a size and form that I have never seen in any human or near-human skull. In addition to all this, the cheek teeth are exceedingly large (Fig. 4), as can be seen in the pictures, and they are indeed the largest



FIG. 10. A GORILLA SKULL (LEFT) COMPARED WITH THE NEW SKULL, IN WHICH THE LATTER'S LARGER MASTOIDS AND THE CURIOUS "NUCHAL CREST" (SEE ALSO FIG. 1) ARE SEEN.

known upper molars and pre-molars of any Hominid. Let me hasten to add that this does *not* necessarily mean that the limb bones were of giant proportions; for this we must wait until we have specimens. I think that when we do find them we shall find that they are large and thick.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

AS THEY LIKE IT

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE sole wisp of cotton between my two plays this week is that while one is by Shakespeare, people in the other quote surprisingly from the Sonnets. For me it has been a week of gentle alarms. Previously I had hardly smiled at any Touchstone in a long experience of "As You Like It"; and not having read H. E. Bates's novel, "The Darling Buds of May," I had only the vaguest idea how Pop and Ma Larkin would appear in the stage version. (Neither of them quotes, by the way.) Now, at the Old Vic, Alec McCowen has suddenly reconciled me to the clown, and at the Saville Peter Jones has shown very clearly what the Larkin world is like, though I cannot say with truth "Puffick!"—the word that hangs on Pop's lips from morning until night.

Shakespeare and Touchstone first. Agreed, the play should belong, and does belong, to Rosalind. I am never tired of praising Barbara Jefford. She is our most accomplished young classical actress. Having already played many of the heroines with ease, she now gives to Rosalind a gaiety that has nothing in it of the principal boy, and adds a depth and truth that are her own gifts to any part. You know that this Rosalind's affection "hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal." And you never for one moment expect—as I have said of earlier actresses—that Whittington's cat will be clawing its path up the bark of Arden's nearest palm. For one thing, no one less resembles the pantomime-style heroine than Miss Jefford. Malcolm Pride, the designer, has dressed the comedy in the fashions of the Regency period, and though at first you may find it difficult to post-date Arden, one soon takes the mode for granted and ceases to wonder when Sir Charles Tregellis will come round a corner, or how far it is to Brighthelmstone.

You may ask how so obvious an Elizabethan clown as Touchstone fits into the Regency. It shows how successful the production is that I have no desire to inquire about Touchstone's status. Wendy Toye, the director, and Alec McCowen, the actor, see him as a tattered fantastic with a ginger wig and a quick tongue—if not, let me add, a tongue so glib that the fellow seems to be reciting jests by rote. What Mr. McCowen has to say comes to us newly-born as he says it, and even if it can be, as we know, scarcely the cream of wit, the manner frequently carries the matter: listen only to Touchstone as he utters the long passage on the "degrees of the lie," first inserted, we must believe, as a decoration, so that Rosalind would have time to change. Mr. McCowen turns this into a progress so relishing that I wished we could have had him earlier in the Seven Ages which the Jaques, Donald Houston (who can be a very good actor), is not burnishing with much enthusiasm. Some of these set-pieces—and not only in "As You Like It"—are now almost lost to certain listeners (I use the word with reserve) whose attention slips after the first couple of lines. Still, besides people who have heard the lines over and over, there must ever be someone in the house to whom even the Seven Ages is a new and enthralling experience. I have no doubt at all that Mr. Houston has his audiences. Certainly Mr. McCowen has his. I dare say that, in future, newcomers to the part will have to battle against so lively a recollection.

Miss Toye, the director, has re-thought "As You Like It" as much as the actor has re-thought Touchstone. This is good because we realise that the needle will not grate in the same old grooves.

It can also be a trifle dangerous in places; we fear that the director—and especially one who, like Miss Toye, has never essayed Shakespeare before—may strain too stiffly to create an effect. "How can I do it differently?" "What can I put in here?" To our sorrow, we have met revivals



"AS YOU LIKE IT" AT THE OLD VIC: CELIA (MAGGIE SMITH), ORLANDO (JOHN JUSTIN) AND ROSALIND (BARBARA JEFFORD) IN THE "MOCK MARRIAGE" SCENE (FIRST NIGHT: SEPTEMBER 3).



THE CLOSING SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," PRODUCED IN REGENCY COSTUME UNDER THE BRILLIANT DIRECTION OF WENDY TOYE, WITH MALCOLM PRIDE AS DESIGNER.

(of many of the plays) in which a director has been far too anxious to do it differently, to put in and to put on. That usually puts off. Not so at the Old Vic, though Miss Toye has been a little too lavish with accessories and extra business, at the start in particular when there is quite a gap in time before Orlando expounds to Adam all those things that the rather tiresome servitor knows

already. Later, it is an Arden that its inhabitants enjoy—all is as they like it—and, before we reach the forest, some of the decorations are amusing. Duke Frederick, in the best Regency manner, has a mistress. And I cannot remember a more reasonable treatment of Charles the wrestler. The sinewy "prizer," accompanied by two demanding trainers, can hardly pause to tell Oliver about the old Duke and his merry men in the forest. Later we have an opportunity to see him hurling his opponents all over the Duke's park. I was even more dubious than usual about Orlando's victory.

One must not linger with the trimmings. It is a too familiar habit now. One assumes, rashly perhaps, that everybody will know the play, and will merely want to hear of changes in treatment. Let me, then, assure Shakespeareans that in the Old Vic revival the text is treated with honest care, and that it is well spoken for the most part. John Justin is a steady, sound Orlando, Maggie Smith a buoyant Celia (though nothing will persuade me of the sudden attachment to Oliver), and David King a Banished Duke of more straightforward sonority than we are accustomed to meet now. He looks very comfortable in Arden, and his fruitarian banquet is elaborate. There are several apt small performances; thus, John Moffatt's Le Beau is a walking flourish, Moyra Fraser is a maypole-Audrey, Stephen Moore gives to William a head of solid bone, and Dyson Lovell would have pleased our older Shakespeareans for being comma-sure in his nerve-cracking last announcement for Jaques de Boys; he keeps his face perfectly straight while recording the meeting of Duke Frederick, an improbable Regency hermit-to-be, with that old religious man in the skirts of the wild wood.

One more memory: Judi Dench's Phebe. She is a composed young actress who does not lose the curious beauty of her salute to the "dead shepherd," but without (I hope) being tiresomely pedantic, I do wish that she and Miss Toye had allowed Phebe to look like her description:

'Tis not your inky brow, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship...

This is not Miss Dench's Phebe. But no further carping. I add simply that though sometimes I have come to "As You Like It" with less enthusiasm than resignation, the new revival kept me alert and fresh throughout. We should be hearing of its director again. The Old Vic can speak now of "a Toye in hand," and one that is by no means a trifle.

Finally, a note on "The Darling Buds of May" in which a junk-dealer and his ample family live in a sunny world of contentment in "southern England." The blithely sensuous piece is a salute to hedonism, a word that would puzzle Pop Larkin. Though barely a play, it is a warm-hearted frisk at which playgoers will sit either in uncritical amusement (only readers of the book will know which parts are "puffick"), or with a desperate eye on the nearest exit. Myself, I sit on the fence. I would have enjoyed the affair more if it had ended after the second act; but Pop Larkin (Peter Jones in expansive good cheer), and especially Ma (Elspeth March, who glows like twenty stoves combined), are pleasant people so long as one is not called upon to greet them in life. Timothy O'Brien's set is as warm as the play. Perhaps I had better say of this comedy again that, in the words of Rosalind on another matter, some "will laugh like a hyen" when others are "inclined to sleep."

I appeared during the night in both roles.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE SHIFTING HEART" (Duke of York's).—An Australian play by Richard Beynon. (September 14.)
"THE GINGER MAN" (Fortune).—A new play adapted by J. P. Donleavy from his novel. (September 15.)
"FROM THE FRENCH" (Strand).—A comedy by Jean-Paul Marotte, adapted by Hubert Gregg, with Claude Dauphin and Nauntun Wayne. (September 16.)
"COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY" (Royal Court).—Sean O'Casey's fantasy, with Wilfrid Lawson and J. G. Devlin; produced by George Devine. (September 17.)

EXCAVATIONS AT VERULAMIUM AND NONSUCH; DROUGHT AT EDINBURGH; AND THE ST. LEGER.



MR. SHEPPARD FRERE, DIRECTOR OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT VERULAMIUM (ROMAN ST. ALBANS), POINTING OUT A DETAIL IN THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED FINE ROMAN MOSAIC. This season's excavations at Verulamium have been marked by some important and interesting discoveries: a bronze statuette, probably of Ceres, and the excellent mosaic shown above. The design is polychrome, the lion's jaws dripping realistically with blood.



THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED VERULAMIUM MOSAIC. IT IS OF THE 2ND CENTURY A.D. AND SHOWS INSIDE A GUILLOCHE BORDER A LION SAVAGING THE HEAD OF A STAG.



WATER SHORTAGE NORTH OF THE BORDER: A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE HARLAN RESERVOIR, ONE OF THOSE WHICH SUPPLY EDINBURGH, WITH WATERS SHRUNK TO A VERY LOW LEVEL.

The first week of September in Edinburgh was marked by a "Don't Waste Water" appeal as a result of the low levels in the city's reservoirs. There was a good response and about 1,500,000 gallons of water per day were saved as the result. Even so only about sixty days' supply remained.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MINISTRY OF WORKS EXCAVATIONS OF THE PALACE OF NONSUCH AT EWELL, SURREY. LEFT FOREGROUND, THE KITCHEN COURT.

Henry VIII's great Palace of Nonsuch was begun in 1538 and destroyed by Barbara Villiers about 1675. In July a team of archæologists, headed by Mr. Martin Biddle, and sponsored by the Ministry of Works, began excavations and, aided by much volunteer labour, have already made great progress.



LEADING IN THE WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER: CANTELO, MR. W. HILL'S FILLY, TRAINED BY C. ELSEY AND RIDDEN BY E. HIDE. SHE WON BY A LENGTH-AND-A-HALF FROM FIDALCO AT ODDS OF 100 TO 7.

IN TROUBLED LAOS: TROOP MOVEMENTS, REBEL PRISONERS AND U.S. AID.



REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE THREATENED AREAS OF LAOS: SOLDIERS OF THE ROYAL LAOTIAN ARMY MARCHING TOWARDS SAM-NEUA, WHERE COMMUNIST TROOPS ARE MASSING.



ARRIVING AT SAM-NEUA BY AIRCRAFT: DETACHMENTS OF THE LAOTIAN ARMY PREPARING TO RESIST A LIKELY COMMUNIST ATTACK ON THE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD.



AMERICAN AID TO LAOS: THE FIRST CONSIGNMENT OF SUPPLIES TO THE ROYAL LAOTIAN ARMY SEEN BEFORE UNLOADING AT VIENTIANE, NEAR THE SIAM BORDER.



PREPARING TO SET OUT ON PATROL AGAINST COMMUNIST REBEL INFILTRATORS IN THE SAM-NEUA PROVINCE: LAOTIAN PARATROOPERS STUDYING A MAP OF THE AREA.



CAPTURED DURING SKIRMISHES: A BATCH OF GRENADES WITH COMMUNIST MARKINGS EXAMINED BY A STAFF OFFICER OF THE LAOTIAN ARMY.



CAPTURED WHILE FILTERING PAST JUNGLE VILLAGES IN NORTHERN LAOS: YOUTHFUL COMMUNIST REBELS, BOUND WITH ROPE, AT THE SAM-NEUA AIRFIELD.



AFTER HAVING FOUGHT THEIR WAY OUT OF A REBEL VILLAGE IN NORTHERN LAOS: ROYAL LAOTIAN TROOPS, SOME IN CIVILIAN CLOTHING, AWAITING FURTHER ORDERS.

While the Big Powers were disputing in the United Nations Security Council about the setting up of a four-nation sub-committee, in Laos itself tension has been rising with the numerous and varying rumours of Communist activity in the area round the mountain-flanked stronghold of Sam-Neua, in northern Laos. As the U.N. mission, consisting of representatives from Argentina, Italy, Japan and Tunisia, was on its way to Vientiane, capital of Laos, to

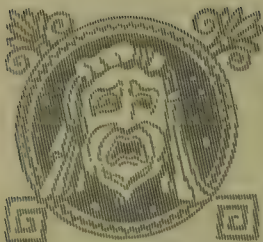
inquire into charges of Communist aggression, the rebels were reported to have almost surrounded Sam-Neua, while Vientiane itself was feared to be in some danger. On the whole the situation was critical but reasonably quiet, with reports of occasional skirmishes in the mountain valleys. At the same time the United States has initiated an emergency programme and has undertaken to train 7000 Laotian irregulars to augment the small Laotian army.



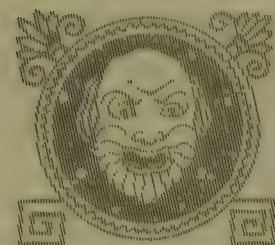
"DOGS DELIGHT" BY B. FILLAYSON BULLOCK: A STRIKING EXHIBIT IN THE CURRENT AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF THE R.P.S.

Last week the exhibition of the London Salon of Photography (as reported in our last issue) opened in the R.W.S. Galleries; this week, on Friday, September 18, Sir John Wolfenden arranged to open the Autumn Exhibition of Pictorial Photography of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain

at the Society's House at 16, Prince's Gate, S.W.7. The two exhibitions are therefore conveniently timed for purposes of comparison. The engaging example we reproduce above might well be sub-titled, "Or how to change the breed of your dog with the aid of the setting sun."



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



FESTIVE FRIGHTFULNESS.

By ALAN DENT

ANYTHING less festive than the cinematic side of this year's Edinburgh Festival it would be impossible to conceive or imagine. On horror's head horrors accumulate; and indeed a revival of Orson Welles's classically terrible film-version of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" would not have come

unsavoury glimpses of the very worst that life can make of itself in Los Angeles and Rio de Janeiro.

The American one, "The Savage Eye," is admittedly a striking piece of work in its way—which is the way of the unforgettable "On the Bowery." It is a kind of Los Angeles purgatory as glimpsed by a youngish woman waiting for divorce. She sees her women friends baked and boiled and man-handled in the mad and one-track search for more becoming looks. Still more ghastly, she sees old, sick, and unhappy women passing through the hands of so-called faith-healers. Each case is passed on with a kind of affectionate slap and a perfunctory prayer. The producers of this film describe it this way: "The story of a woman's journey through a year of divorce. In the violence and splendour of a modern city, she discovers a small horizon of love." Personally, I could not discover the slightest glimpse of any such horizon. But the

film's three makers—Joseph Strick, Sidney Mayers, and Ben Maddow—conduct their search quite brilliantly.

There seems to me, on the other hand, no brilliance even of a macabre sort in the French film, "Eyes Without a Face," in which no less an actor than Pierre Brasseur wastes himself in the idiotically ghoulish part of a surgeon who peels the skin off faces of young girls who have been kidnapped by his wife. His search is for certain tissues he needs in order to repair the face of his own disfigured daughter. There was a certain poetic justice in the end in which the surgeon was torn to death by a horde of famished dogs liberated by the daughter herself. The director of this repellent nonsense was Georges Franju.

In "Interlude by Candlelight" we pass a comparatively pleasant space of time in the lonely studio of a Dutch octogenarian who makes puppets out of the bones of dead animals and bits of silk sent him by artists in Amsterdam and Rotterdam. This slightly less sinister old ghoul works best by candlelight. But sometimes the wind from the marsh blows out his candles, so that all you can see is the malignant eyes of his puppets supernaturally lit—until the half-mad maestro can find his matches and light his candles again. The very thing for the tiny tots!

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"LEFT, RIGHT AND CENTRE" (British Lion; Generally Released: September 6).—Ian Carmichael, Alistair Sim and Patricia Bredin in a comedy about love which gets mixed up with politics. Amusing.

"THIS EARTH IS MINE" (Universal; Generally Released: September 6).—Claude Rains and Jean Simmons in a lengthy melodrama about a prosperous American wine-growing family threatened with ruin by prohibition.

"A PRIVATE'S AFFAIR" (20th-Century-Fox; Generally Released: September 6).—A comedy about the entanglements of three privates and three girls.

The South American one, "Orfeu Negro," is again better since it begins, and for a long while continues, as a lively carnival among the coloured people of Rio. This is quite enchanting until it narrows itself to a story which is the old Orpheus and Eurydice legend with exotic variations. Death, in short, turns up in the course of the carnival, and a handsome wild creature if ever there was one called Marpessa Dawn has to go to the underworld to try and bring back her lost lover, Benno Mello. The Latin-American Orpheus is restored to life, but his Eurydice is dead in his arms. The film has at least two breathtakingly beautiful shots—both silently concerned with day-break in the mountains round Rio. The accomplished director is Marcel Camus.

Of the Czech film called "Appassionata" let me only say that it moodily concerns the love-affair between a young student (the deliciously pretty Marie Tomaso) and a young Professor saddled with a wife. This, too, has its horror—a background of a University whose every window is filled with students glaring in silent indignation at the unhappy heroine. But perhaps the less said about the Czech contributions to the Edinburgh Festival this year, the better for the peace of all parties.

Let me only say that after seeing the Czech Exhibition of Art I went, without delay, into the neighbouring National Gallery of Scotland to refresh myself with the Titians and the Raeburns. There I met a superb art critic of my acquaintance who confessed he had been doing exactly the same thing after the same experience. Very much of an analogy was what happened to



ALIDA VALLI (LEFT) AND JULIETTE MAYNIEL IN A SCENE FROM "LES YEUX SANS VISAGE" AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL.

"In this French film," writes Alan Dent, "no less an actor than Pierre Brasseur wastes himself in the idiotically ghoulish part of a surgeon who peels the skin off faces of young girls who have been kidnapped by his wife."

at all amiss and would have added—since, as we vividly remember, Agnes Moorehead's Lady Macbeth speaks her part with a painstakingly Scots accent—a Scottish flavour to the macabre *mélange*.

Incidentally—and constructively—let me suggest that a revival cinema-theatre might do very well at this and other such Festivals. No kind of filmgoer—not even the professional sort—wants to be shown two or three brand-new films (plus a dozen or so of new "shorts" and new documentaries) every single day of his Festival. How pleasant it would be to be enabled to relax at a Garbo week, or a Marx Brothers week, or even a week of Orson Welles or—if we absolutely *must* have horror—of Clouzot! I daresay I may have suggested this already. But if so, I have suggested utterly in vain.

The films that came my way at this year's Festival—that is to say, those my colleagues and mentors were overheard saying to be the best worth seeing—were "The Savage Eye" (from Hollywood), "Eyes Without a Face" (French), "Orfeu Negro" (a French-Italian-Brazilian production), "Appassionata" (from Czechoslovakia), and "Fanfare" and "Interlude by Candlelight" (both from Holland). Of these only "Fanfare"—a story of a Dutch village feud, or at least of a rivalry between two village brass-bands—had anything remotely resembling jollity about it. Greater experts than I assure me seriously that this reveals the influence of Ealing upon the film-makers of the Netherlands. It is the first full-length film to be made by Bert Haanstra—a name affectionately remembered by me as being that of the director of an exquisite short film about Rembrandt, and of another called "Mirror of Holland" in which Amsterdam was shown reflected in its own canals—quite beautifully. "Fanfare" seemed to me a coarser piece of work altogether, padded-out, repetitive, just a shade too anxious to be light-hearted and bucolic, and—one way and another—"all very jolly and boring" in James Agate's deathless phrase first applied to some very British musical comedy. But it is, at least, not morbid. It is, at least, a cruise through pastoral and more or less fragrant canals and not (like those others) a conducted tour through sewers more or less fragrant, and through bagnios and operating theatres, backwaters of vice strewn with lidless dustbins, etcetera, with savage and insistently



A LIVELY CARNIVAL SCENE FROM THE FRENCH-ITALIAN-BRAZILIAN "ORFEU NEGRO," WHICH, SET IN RIO DE JANEIRO, "IS QUITE ENCHANTING UNTIL IT NARROWS ITSELF TO A STORY WHICH IS THE OLD ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE LEGEND WITH EXOTIC VARIATIONS."

me after a fortnight of Edinburgh's so-called Film Festival when I nipped over to Glasgow and decided to see whatever might be showing at the Cosmo, one of the best-run and therefore most reliable cinema-theatres in Great Britain. What I saw there was that twelve-year-old masterpiece of William Wyler, "The Best Years of Our Lives." It wears admirably, and I do not think that Fredric March's performance of the "soldier from the war returning" has ever been surpassed by anybody—not even by Fredric March. This fine, moving, bracing film has just been generally re-released.

Life's simple pleasures

Most of us at one time or another have 'done it ourselves' and this is understandable; those persuasive writers who deal with such matters make it all seem remarkably easy. So we buy our paint and our brushes and our turpentine and, dressed in our oldest clothes, we set to work . . . Our elation, when we have finished, does us less than justice. Though our methods, here and there, were unconventional, we have nevertheless produced a very good job. And it was all our own work. We at the Midland Bank can understand such pleasure. A year ago *we* embarked on some new projects: one of these was Britain's first (and still Britain's only) Personal Cheque Account service. Designed to fill the platitudinous 'long-felt want' for a simple bank account at reasonable cost, it already bids fair to change the social habits of a whole lot of people. And we have that pleasurable feeling of a good job well done.





WHICH CAME FIRST: the business or the trip?

A fortnight ago the gentleman on the right was happily combining a visit to his overseas agents with the first real holiday in years. Now he is eagerly planning a new factory in Australia and a totally new export programme. Unusual? Not at all. For this is the P & O First Class Service to Australia. Here in one of the mighty ships of the P & O fleet the British businessman gets a *personal* picture of Australia and the East.

It's inevitable. Out of some six hundred and fifty fellow passengers travelling first-class *nearly half will be people with similar or connecting interests in the same territory as yourself.* A high percentage of *those* will be people from the very area you are visiting. *They'll* give you the lie of the land you're visiting as none else can. Conditions

are ideal. On P & O both the sun and the service wear a smile. You have time to know people, to pursue ideas without interruption, to rest properly. You do more constructive work in four weeks at sea than you do in four months at home. Yet you arrive back fresher than when you left!

If you have interests in Aden, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, the Pacific or 'Down Under'—it *pays* to travel *all or part way* by P & O First Class Service to Australia (or the Far East). Special seasonal terms and Ocean Air (Executive) Tickets are available. Ask someone to check *now* with your Travel Agent or with P & O direct. 14/16 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. Tel: WHI 4444 or 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. Tel: AVE 8000.

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UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 6: A KENYA LIONESS AT HOME.



A 300-LB. PET WITH A LIKING FOR THE ELEGANCIES: NEGHESTE LOOKING FOR HER MORNING MILK.

Mrs. Paulette Lloyd Graeme, who is seen giving her pet lioness *Neghete* her breakfast, has had fifteen lions and lionesses as pets in her house over the last twenty-three years. Of late, however, there have been complaints in the Nairobi suburb where she lives that her present pet attracts lions from all the surrounding big-game country who come at night and trample down the neighbours' gardens. *Neghete*, whose name is Swahili for "Empress," has

an enormous appetite which was easily assuaged when her owner kept a farm in the uplands, but she now costs £18 a week to keep as she eats 12 lb. of meat a day. Mrs. Lloyd Graeme is indignant about the complaints and says *Neghete* is far more intelligent than some of her neighbours. She is very playful and enjoys romping with her mistress, who never has to fear from unwelcome visitors or burglars because of her.

SIR EDWARD MARSH must, I suppose, have been one of the least of the "personalities." By that I mean that he attained fame by what he was, rather than by what he did. Nowadays it does not seem to be enough to be just good; one has to be good at something if our pedestrian and unimaginative world is to accord one any recognition. Eddie Marsh was a civil servant, a connoisseur and patron of the arts, a writer and translator of great perception and charm—but in none of these fields was he outstanding. He was—quite simply—Eddie Marsh, known to kings and queens, Cabinet ministers and leading men and women in society, as well as to authors and artists, established or aspiring. He was fortunate in that his official career brought him into close touch with Winston Churchill, and kept him there. He was fortunate in that his friends included Rupert Brooke, Max Beerbohm, James Elroy Flecker, and Lawrence of Arabia. He has been fortunate, thirdly, in his biographer, Mr. Christopher Hassall, whom he first met in 1934, and who quickly became an intimate friend.

EDWARD MARSH is an immense volume. For all his unique personality, I would not have thought that Eddie's life could have usefully been spun out to nearly 700 pages. But I was wrong. Mr. Hassall has produced a book which does himself as much credit as he is anxious to do his friend. It is at once eager and delicate, humorous and touching, keenly critical and appreciative, affectionate, laughing and sorrowful. In other words, the author has exactly caught the spirit of his subject. Many people thought that Marsh was rich. He was not. His small private income was derived from what he called the "murder money"—a grant awarded to the descendants of his great-grandfather, Spencer Percival, the Prime Minister, who was assassinated in 1812. But he made the most of it, not only to entertain, but to help young artists of promise. His editing of "Georgian Poetry" was another way of finding good writers and offering them a chance of publication. His was a good and generous life, and this final biography—there will never be room or need for another—establishes him in the setting which he created for himself and which was so peculiarly his own.

After Mr. Hassall's book, I found Mr. Robert Jackson's *THE CHIEF*, a biography of Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice from 1922-1940, a trifle flat. But that is not the fault of Mr. Jackson, who has done his work most competently. Lord Hewart tried many famous criminals, including Browne and Kennedy, Thompson and Bywaters, and Hatry. He also, like so many other successful barristers, had a spell in the House of Commons.

He was not, my lawyer friends tell me, a very good judge. He was, however, delightful company, an excellent classical scholar and was the soul of courtesy. His aphorisms from the Bench or when speaking after dinner were well up to the standard which we have learned to expect from learned judges. My many journalist friends will hardly need—or like—to be reminded of his lordship's opinion about popular newspapers: "Rubbish does not cease to be rubbish by being a million times multiplied. It merely becomes more mischievous." And I like his macabre sentiment about motorists: "Some motor-drivers are inclined to divide the public into the quick and the dead." But most of all I appreciated his last words on his death-bed, which I have added to a remarkable collection of such sayings: "Damn!" he observed, "It's that cuckoo again!"

If we are to praise Mr. Hassall's skill in resisting the temptation to turn his biography into a kaleidoscope of famous names, we can hardly blame Mr. George Criticos, the hall-porter of the Ritz, for pouring them out as from a cornucopia. *GEORGE OF THE RITZ* is an autobiography, "as told to Richard Viner"—and I must congratulate Mr. Viner on the realistic manner in which he has tackled what cannot have been an easy task. George—dare I be so familiar?—is not in the least afraid of his distinguished, wealthy, and often rude or wildly eccentric clients. He has tried, by mistake, to turn a king out of the hotel, and he has beard the great Marquess Curzon at the Foreign Office. He has handled fantastic sums for the late Aga Khan, and he has received a box of carrots as a tip from a millionaire. He has also saved an elderly, unwise banker from a blackmailing prince and princess. What I suppose one should call a "full" life!

Since I can now claim to know Spain really well, I was much interested in Arland Ussher's *SPANISH MERCY*. It would perhaps be an overstatement to say that Mr. Ussher came to curse and stayed to bless, but his experience of the country and its people very nearly produces this effect. He can be as merciless in his criticism as the Spaniards themselves have been accused of being in other ways, and I do not always agree with his judgments. But let me quote two short

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

passages which seem to me to have the root of the matter in them:

Spain forces us to examine the assumptions of our Northern "progress"—that progress which seems to have led us so near to an abyss. That is her importance to-day—and the importance, partly, of all the old

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE opening of my own game against Leonard Barden in the British Championship at York was one of those happy-go-lucky affairs where the two players attack on opposite wings.

QUEEN'S PAWN GAME, KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

LEONARD BARDEN	B. H. WOOD	LEONARD BARDEN	B. H. WOOD
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	N-KB3	9. N-B1	N-K1
2. P-QB4	P-KN3	10. P-QN4	P-KB4
3. N-QB3	B-N2	11. B-K2	N-KB3
4. P-K4	P-Q3	12. Castles	P-B5
5. P-B3	P-K4	13. B-B2	P-KN4
6. KN-K2	N-B3	14. P-B5	N-N3
7. B-K3	Castles	15. N-N3	P-KR4
8. P-Q5	N-K2		

If anybody is inquisitive about what really goes on inside that British Championship arena, I will reveal that the game was summed up here by the Universities' International R. B. Edwards on the next board in a *solito voce* comment, "Yoicks! Tally ho." It is a pell-mell race of attacks on opposite wings, in which every move counts.

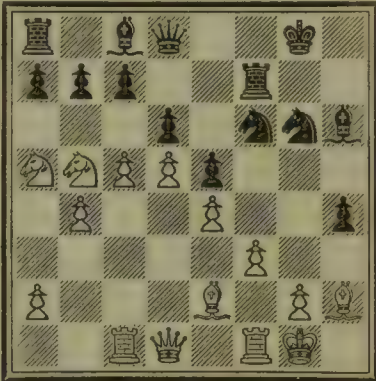
16. R-B1	R-B2	19. RP×P	P×NP
17. N-R5	P-N5	20. B×P	P-R5
18. N-N5	P-N6!	21. B-R2	B-R3

The king's side has got there first and Barden is in a compromised situation. If the attacked rook moves (naturally to B3 to forestall . . . B-K6ch) there comes . . . N-R4, . . . N(N3)-B5, . . . R-KN2, . . . Q-N4, etc., and White's king succumbs to an annihilating onslaught.

Friends who freely advise me on how to win the British Championship might well ponder on the course of this game and revise their estimates of the difficulty of the process. It is not enough to accomplish the feat of out-playing Leonard Barden, one of the world's leading theorists, in the opening—and as Black; you must follow-up with an impeccable middle-game and end game.

For, perceiving his peril in good time, he lashes out with calculated desperation.

Black



White

22. P-B4	N×BP	26. B-B4	B-N5
23. B×N	B×B	27. Q-K1	N×P
24. R×B	P×R	28. N×NP	Q-Q2
25. P-K5	P×P	29. Q×P	R-B4

A crucial stage. The win must be there; perhaps some reader can find it? I rejected 29. . . P-B3, fearing 30. N-Q6. Perhaps 29. . . B-K3 . . . ? Now the tide turns.

30. B×Nch	Q×B	33. N×R	R×N
31. Q×Q	R×Q	34. R-B4	R-KB2
32. N×BP	R-Q2	35. P-B6	P-R6

Now I am fighting to draw. Now if 35. P-B7, then 36. . . B-Br and the knight is dead. There is a maze of possibilities—in White's favour—if White is over-ambitious with 36. P-N3: 37. R-K2!

36. P×P	B×P	41. R×R	K×R
37. P-B7	R-B1	42. P-R4	K-K2
38. R-Q4	B-B1	43. P-R5	K-Q3
39. R-Q8	K-B2	44. P-R6!	K-K2
40. P-N5	K-K2		

Not 44. . . K-B4 as I had planned, because of 45. P-N6! which wins. Work it out! It would take ten articles to do justice to this fantastic game. Let me only confess that I played ten more moves and finally resigned, oblivious throughout to the fact that . . . B×P!!; P×B, K-K2 would have secured a draw because Black can oscillate his king between QBr and Q2, any attempt by White's king to infiltrate resulting in stalemate.

Latin world. In Spain, man is still physical and whole; the human atom is not split. There is less thought, but—perhaps for that reason—less also of self-deception, and the evil Germanic self-glorification. It is the unfortunate paradox that those who love Spain most desire humane reforms most deeply; but those reforms would probably do away with the Spain they love. It is the half-hearted friend, the æsthetic tripper, who would preserve the traditional Spain untouched—but his arguments are not wholly without logic.

Spain is a paradox, and you can do nothing with a paradox but accept and love it—or hate it!

Moving on from biography and philosophic travel to topography pure and simple, I must congratulate my old friend and former colleague, George Campbell Dixon, on his enchanting work on *VENICE, VICENZA AND VERONA*. You could not have a better-informed or more truly appreciative guide to these lovely cities, and the colour plates—I note that they were printed in Italy, but the publishers do not tell me who took the photographs—are the finest I have seen yet. Mr. Campbell Dixon is pleasantly ironical about the so-called "Juliet's house" in Verona, and smiles at the credulous visitors who "hunt down the best loved of lovers none the less enthusiastically for being told that they might as well hope to meet the Two Gentlemen of Verona!"

I have left myself little space to deal with novels this week, but I have no complaint about the quality of most of them. Miss Compton-Burnett has written a fine, mannered piece, in the style which always reminds me of a combination of Wilde and the Fairchild Family. *A HERITAGE AND ITS HISTORY* moves about on exquisitely polished stilts. It was, of course, very naughty of Simon to get his uncle's wife with child, but the ensuing complications were borne by all with stoic and epigrammatic fortitude.

THE TOWER, by Marguerite Steen, is a good novel about an artist who becomes crazy and mixed-up. He goes to work in France, painting murals in an old tower for a successful fraud, and his marriage, already nearly on the rocks, seems to have broken up for ever. However, all comes right in the end. Miss Steen makes this rather implausible story, complete with a euthanasia murder, almost probable and always readable.

If you like westerns, you will enjoy *TRAITOR AT FORT BENT*, by Paul Watkins. It has all the right things: a hero avenging his murdered father, bad men who have stolen his ranch, Indians attacking trains, and a traitor in the American Army. I gave up counting how many times the hero gets knocked on the head—but the occasions are satisfactorily many!

Again, if you like historical romances of the sea, you should certainly read *BRAVE CAPTAIN KELSO*, by James Dillon White. There is plenty of blood as well as sea-water, and some women to make the blood run redder. (But I do not want to be told, by the blurb-writer: "You will be hearing and reading more—much more—of Captain Kelso." It sounds like a threat.)

I could have taken *COMMAND THE MORNING*, by Pearl S. Buck, with greater appetite if I had not already been surfeited with the lives and loves of atomic scientists. Whatever may be the rights or wrongs of the controversy about nuclear warfare, "the bomb" invariably seems to bring out the worst in people, making them solemn, portentous and contentious. (I begin to long, in an indefensible kind of way, for someone to write something funny about it!)

I am never tired of congratulating Sir Mortimer Wheeler, to whom all lovers of archaeology owe such a heavy debt. He has now increased it with a book on *EARLY INDIA AND PAKISTAN*, which sums up the important developments in research which have taken place in the sub-continent since the war. I find it curious to note—though perhaps I speak as one less wise—how firmly and typically Oriental are the arts and crafts of even the earliest dwellers in these regions.

I commend *THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GOLF*, by Nevin H. Gibson, to devotees—though surely it is near blasphemy to suggest that the game originated in Holland, not in Scotland?

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- EDWARD MARSH, by Christopher Hassall. (*Longmans*; 42s.)
- THE CHIEF, by Robert Jackson. (*Harrap*; 21s.)
- GEORGE OF THE RITZ, as told to Richard Viner. (*Heinemann*; 21s.)
- SPANISH MERCY, by Arland Ussher. (*Gollancz*; 18s.)
- VENICE, VICENZA AND VERONA, by George Campbell Dixon. (*Nicholas Kaye*; 45s.)
- A HERITAGE AND ITS HISTORY, by I. Compton-Burnett. (*Gollancz*; 15s.)
- THE TOWER, by Marguerite Steen. (*Collins*; 15s.)
- TRAITOR AT FORT BENT, by Paul Watkins. (*Collins*; 10s. 6d.)
- BRAVE CAPTAIN KELSO, by James Dillon White. (*Hutchinson*; 15s.)
- COMMAND THE MORNING, by Pearl S. Buck. (*Methuen*; 16s.)
- EARLY INDIA AND PAKISTAN, by Sir Mortimer Wheeler. (*Thames and Hudson*; 25s.)
- THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GOLF, by Nevin H. Gibson. (*Nicholas Kaye*; 42s.)



*Suddenly
I thought*

**"One day his
cake will have thirteen candles"**

*"And then," I thought, "he'll be going to a public school.
Or will he? What I don't know is where the money will come from."
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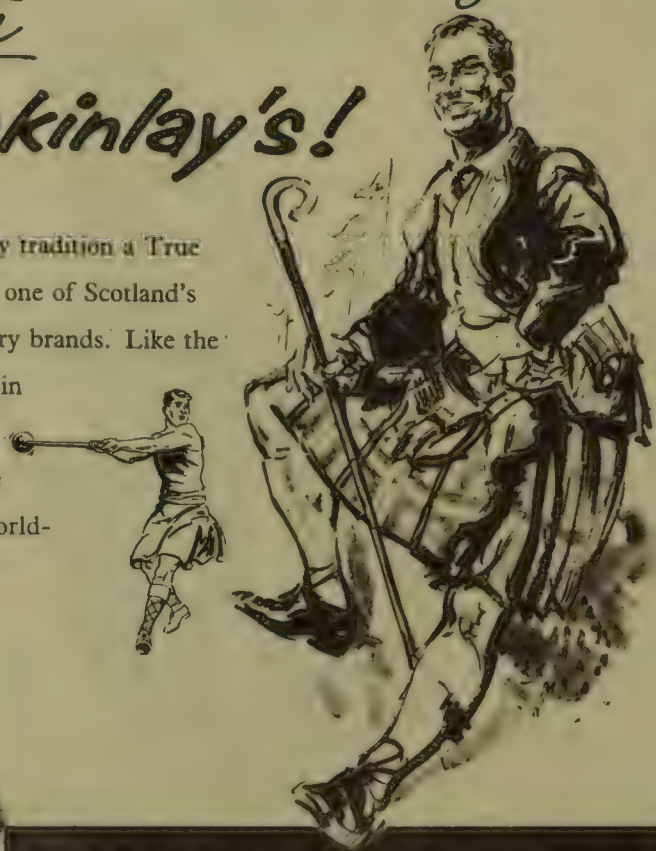
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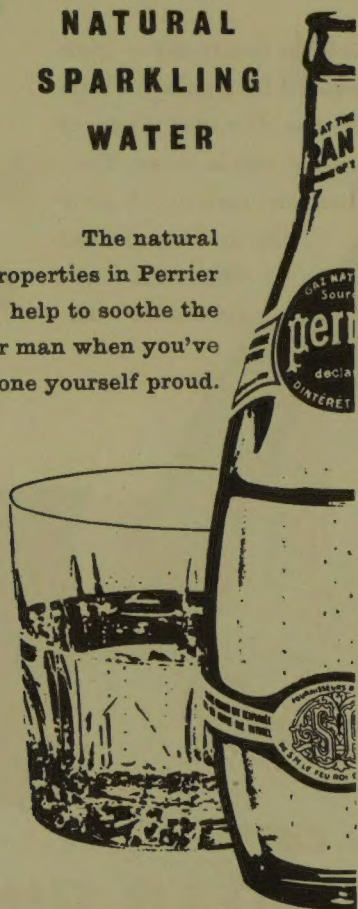
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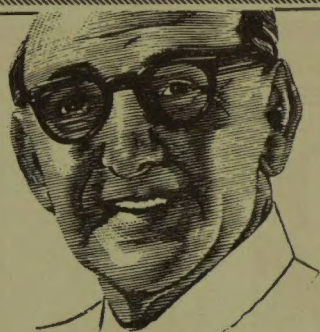
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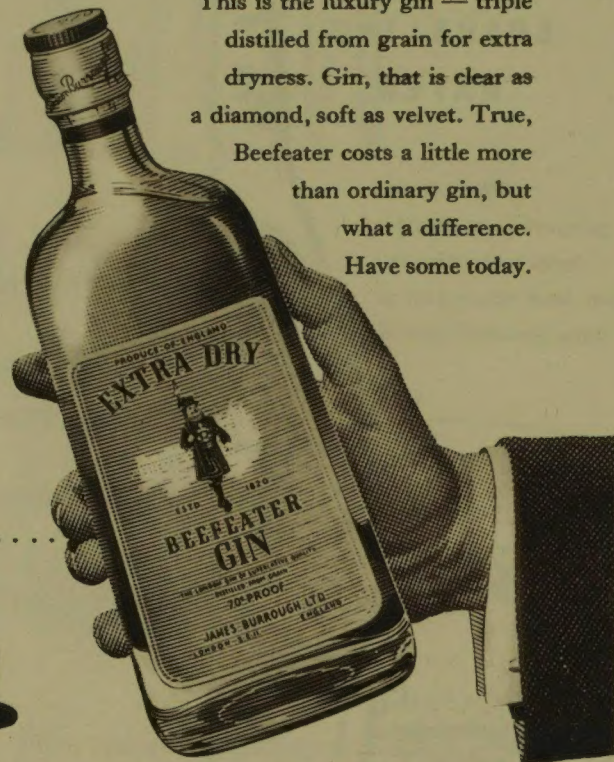
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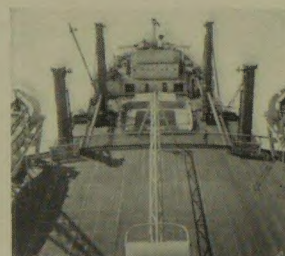
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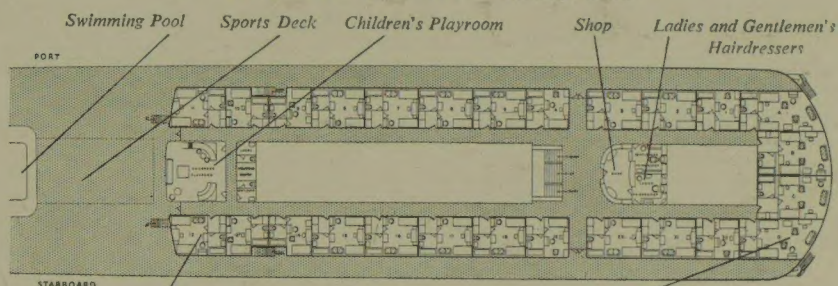


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